HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THROUGH THE CAVE OF THE WINDS, NIAGARA FALLS.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 402.]

LIFE OF LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant and of Alice Oliphant, his wife. By MARGARET OLIPHANT W. OLIPHANT. With Two Photogravure Portraits. Two volumes, 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $7 00. (*In a Box.*)

The career of no other person in the present century has been more varied and more extraordinary than that of LAURENCE OLIPHANT. He was by turns a barrister, an adventurer, a diplomat, the private secretary to Lord Elgin, a brilliant favorite of society, a religious devotee, an ox-driver in an obscure Western village, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, an author, an operator in Wall Street, a cynic philosopher, the projector of a gigantic colonization scheme in Palestine, a visionary religious teacher—but through all these phases of his life he was a man so brilliant in intellect, and so earnestly devoted to his convictions of duty, that even those who most deplored his idiosyncrasies were obliged to admire his genius and integrity. No more interesting biography has been written than this memoir of his life by his kinswoman and intimate friend, Mrs. MARGARET OLIPHANT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

No. 1797.

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON "AMERICAN ROADSTERS AND ROAD RIDING."

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THE IMMIGRATION LAWS.

PUBLIC feeling in regard to stringent regulation of the immigration and naturalization of foreigners in this country is more seriously aroused than for many years. The "Native American" excitement of forty years ago was due to a perception of tendencies which are now confirmed. But in form it was a combination of secrecy, sectarianism, and politics, which like a whirlwind blew violently, but soon spent its force. The results of illegitimate immigration and political enfranchisement were foreseen, but they were then theoretical. The time that has elapsed, however, has brought us face to face with actual perils. The volume of immigration has increased, while its quality rapidly decreases. The population of the country is largely heterogeneous, while homogeneity is the condition of great national power. The strength that lies in common traditions, a common history and language, in general intelligence and local pride, is constantly diminished by the flood of the least intelligent and desirable population of other countries which pours constantly upon us. This country is the guardian and illustration, and, as we believe and intend, the conclusive demonstration of the stability and efficiency of popular government as the safeguard of liberty under law. Our first duty is to maintain the conditions under which that demonstration is practicable. To permit liberty to be lost in the wild license bred of heterogeneous ignorance, corruption, and lawlessness would be to betray our trust. The question is not of excluding foreigners, but of assimilation of the foreign element. A state or a country may be imperilled by over-immigration like the human body by over-feeding.

Undoubtedly the population of the country is sprung from those who were originally strangers. But this is not a peculiar condition. In every great nationality there is a mingling of races. The result depends upon the quality of the stranger, the motive of his coming, and the rapidity of the increase. Because a continent may be subdued and civilized by the advent of a sturdy, intelligent, industrious, moral people sprung of English stock, and bringing the traditions and customs and training of constitutional liberty, so that their coming is a blessing to the world, it does not follow that a constant irruption of half-civilized aliens from Europe or Asia or Africa is an advantage to the country, or ought not to be strictly regulated. The English race is the chief historic political race, because it comprehends the conditions of progressive liberty. Its politics are those of experience, not of theory. It deals with facts and the actual situation, and when the critic complains that a course is not logical, the reply is that human nature is not logical. English tenacity of ancient form while the spirit changes, its fondness for the crown when it has abolished the king, its preference for repairing the old building rather than tearing it wholly down to build anew, move the gibes of the political doctrinaire. But take England from history, and politically the United States disappear. Take away England, and constitutional liberty is not easily conceivable. So long as the true English impulse which settled the United States remains, so long they will prosper and advance.

In proposing more stringent legislation to protect the country from the disintegrating and degrading influence of alien ignorance and lawlessness, the Union League Club in New York will be sustained by the best opinion of the country. The crimes against American citizenship committed in the courts of this city have been flagrant. The process of naturalization has been made a farce. After fairly recounting some of the facts here and elsewhere, the report of the committee of the club says truly that "it is not a party question. It is a question of our country and its institutions." It must be so treated. But the suggestion of the committee that naturalization shall be confided to the courts of the United States is criticised as a party act, because those judges are largely Republican. The question of choice between courts, however, is not to be decided by the method of appointment, but by fact and experience, and while the Federal courts have not been always above reproach, public opinion would undoubtedly sanction giving them the sole authority of naturalization. The other conditions mentioned by the committee—longer residence, a practical knowledge of the language, the right of every citizen to contest in open court any application for naturalization, and the authority of the court to annul any certificate for illegality or fraud—will be equally approved by the good sense of the country.

THE CHASE OF THE "ITATA."

THE chase of the *Itata* may be ended when this paper is issued, but meanwhile it is the most engrossing of public topics. The questions raised by it are not fully covered by any precedent, and while the United States have always aimed to do all the duty of a neutral, it is suspected in some quarters that they are now overdoing it. The *Tribune*, which has evidently doubted the wisdom of the course adopted by the administration in ordering the pursuit, has published what may be held to be an authentic statement of the reasons which have influenced the Navy Department. They are, in effect, that the *Itata* was lawfully in our custody, but, defying our authority in our own waters, escaped upon the high seas, where we may rightfully pursue and capture her. This position the Navy Department is said to justify by a decision of the Supreme Court a hundred years ago. The judges sitting were MARSHALL, CHASE, WASHINGTON, JOHNSON, LIVINGSTON, and CUSHING. The American schooner *Sarah* had been trading with San Domingo insurgents, against French law. A French privateer captured the *Sarah* at sea, and carried her into a neutral Spanish port, where, before condemnation, the cargo was sold under the authority of an agent of the San Domingo government. After the sale the *Sarah* was condemned in San Domingo, and the cargo, transferred to another vessel, was libelled at Charleston as unlawfully seized. Justice LIVINGSTON, "without expressing an opinion on the invalidity of a seizure on the high seas under a municipal regulation," sustained the libel on another ground, and CUSHING and CHASE concurred. JOHNSON and TODD asserted the right to capture on the high seas. MARSHALL held that the seizure at sea was unlawful. In the case of HUDSON *versus* GUESTIER the judgment was that seizure at sea is lawful for violation of municipal law.

Judge STORY'S statement that our courts have held that "foreign ships in like manner offending within our jurisdiction may afterward be pursued and seized upon the open seas and brought back into our ports for adjudication," was followed by the remark, "this, however, has never been supposed to draw after it the right of visitation or search." The seizure, he says, is made at the peril of the captor, who must pay full damages for failure to establish forfeiture. There is no doubt that there are cases in which pursuit and capture upon the high seas, and even within foreign waters, are permitted. In the familiar case of the *Caroline*, which was carrying passengers and munitions of war from our shores to Canada, and which was captured and destroyed by the British in our waters, but with the expectation of finding it within British territory, Mr. WEBSTER, Secretary of State, held that such a violation of neutrality could be justified only by "a necessity of self-defence, instant, overwhelming, having no choice of means and no moment of deliberation." That, of course, is not the case of the *Itata*. Again, a cruiser chasing a vessel within or across neutral waters "may be seized," says WOOLSEY, "either within the waters or after pursuit upon the high seas." HALL, a later English authority, says that a vessel or any one on board, within foreign territory and violating the law, may be pursued into the open seas and there arrested. But this can be done only when the pursuit is commenced while the offender is still within the territorial waters, or has only just escaped from them.

There is ground, therefore, for a good plea for the pursuit of the *Itata*. But there are still other questions. Supposing that nobody is at present interested to challenge our right of pursuit except the Chilian insurgents, whose belligerency we have not recognized, and that in attempting to capture the *Itata* our cruiser is worsted, is Chili bound to acknowledge the pursuit as the "due diligence" on our part which she has the right to require? Did we show due diligence in trying to prevent the escape of the *Itata;* and if not, and we do not bring her back for judgment, and she completes her hostile design against Chili, may Chili not rightfully demand compensation? The question of attempted capture within the waters of Chili will be determined by the Captain of the *Charleston*, who will be governed by circumstances. The most heroic naval commander may be also wise. He has the responsibility of his duty, and he is as much bound not to be foolhardy as to fight. If the pursuit of the *Itata* leads the *Charleston* into the midst of an overwhelming naval force, it is for the commander of the *Charleston* to decide whether his duty requires him to connive at the certain destruction of his vessel. Undoubtedly his instructions anticipate all probable circumstances, and the result of the chase will be awaited with the deepest interest.

THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

THE National Union Conference at Cincinnati was called to enable all the fragments of political movements arising from discontent, restlessness, and fantastic speculation, with an honest desire of improvement, to see if they could unite in some effective organization. They have united in the "People's Party of the United States of America," but how effectively time will show. The platform favors making the government the national banker; free coinage of silver; an income tax; the popular election of President, Vice-President, and Senators; and limitation of revenue to the necessary and economical expenses of government. There is no doubt of the restless feeling which led to the conference. The election of Messrs. PEFFER and SIMPSON to Congress and of TILLMAN to the Governorship of South Carolina, with the Western Republican support of free silver, and impatience of an extreme tariff, all show distracting tendencies within the old parties, which there is no commanding question and nothing but party feeling to hold in subjection. The two most significant facts thus far are the Republican silver votes in the Senate, and the overthrow of the regular Democratic machine in South Carolina by Governor TILLMAN. Such a pooling of issues as the Cincinnati conference proposes may serve to precipitate the elements from which serious results may spring. This is a fact which is undoubtedly borne in mind by Governor TILLMAN, who seems to be the most forcible and efficient personality which the movement has produced.

But, so far as appears, Governor TILLMAN does not favor the organization of a third party. He has a certain audacity which indicates a leader, for having led the Alliance to the overthrow of the regular Democracy in South Carolina, and dismissed General HAMPTON to private life, he now openly opposes some of the especial schemes of the Alliance, such as the Sub-Treasury, and demands that those who are seeking to use the organization for their own advantage shall be sent to the rear. This is done perhaps as a warning to the national leaders of the Alliance that they must hold aloof from his political preserve of South Carolina. It is not at all clear, however, that Governor TILLMAN, while doubtful of a third party movement, does not favor the anti-Cleveland crusade, which, as we understand, is becoming important in the Southern States, a fact which merits the attention of intelligent and patriotic Democrats. There are such Democrats in those States who are beginning to think that North and South Carolina and Alabama may be opposed to the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND in the Convention, while his especial friends in those States are thought to display little knowledge of the situation or ability in dealing with it. In South Carolina the supporters of Judge HASKELL in the last election are the especial champions of Mr. CLEVELAND, and they are also the uncompromising opponents of TILLMAN. This fact makes Mr. CLEVELAND seem to be a "Haskellite" to many of the Democratic followers of TILLMAN, and naturally identifies him with the wing of the party which was defeated at the last State election.

It is, we believe, conceded by shrewd political observers that TILLMAN'S ascendency will be maintained at the election next year, and it is not doubted that he is the ablest of the political leaders in the State, and quite superior to the host of camp-followers that naturally attach themselves to his standard. But, so far as we see, he is a man whose political morality is entirely different from that of Mr. CLEVELAND'S. Yet the thorough upheaval which his campaign of last year occasioned in South Carolina has been followed by an organized movement for ballot reform in Charleston. It is curious that its leader is the author of the eight-box law, one of the devices by which the white minority has controlled elections, and his conviction seems to be that under the present election laws of the State there is no necessity of cheating in order to retain that control. This all reveals an extraordinary political situation, and shows

clearly that it is something very different from the mere Republican and Democratic contest. It is indicative of changes in the old order that extend far beyond South Carolina, and perplex all calculations for next year. The real disintegration seems to be largely in the Democratic section, where it has been long evident that when the apprehension which kept that section politically solid began to disappear, party change would follow. Politically speaking, the most important local event of the extraordinary election of last autumn was the overthrow of the traditional Democratic organization in South Carolina, and the "People's Party of the United States" must keep an eye on Governor TILLMAN.

PRISONERS OF WAR ON EXHIBITION.

THE action of the government in sending to Europe prisoners of war with Buffalo Bill's show to make money, which was recently exposed by Mr. HERBERT WELSH, ought to receive some Executive attention. It is not alleged that the government has a pecuniary interest in the proceeds, but certainly the national honor is interested in the proceeding. It would be amazing if a show should travel through this country containing as participants, with the express authorization of the British government, prisoners of war captured in India.

Mrs. J. B. COX, a lady of great experience in Indian education, is strongly averse to the scheme. She says that some of the best Indian boys under her care have been induced to join the show. JOHN NELSON, one of CODY'S chief men, had two daughters in it, whom at her request NELSON released, promising not to ask for them again. NELSON also promised that Mrs. Cox should have a boy of his aged thirteen, but he wrote that CODY would not give him up. For two years Mrs. Cox has tried to obtain the boy, but in vain. She says that they are all fine children, but that the boy will be ruined.

The President has expressed his sympathy with the views of Mr. WELSH, and he has full authority in the matter. If he forbids, the Indian prisoners cannot be exhibited in the show. He is the responsible person, but he is little likely to act decidedly except in doing nothing. The President is a candidate for renomination, and probably he does not suppose that Western politicians and members of Congress whom he wishes to conciliate agree with Mr. WELSH and those who feel the disgrace of the whole business. He hardly regards the friends of the Indians, and, in this way, of the national good name, as practical politicians. *Que voulez-vous?*

THE SHAKESPEARE YEAR.

AN exceedingly interesting and exhaustive article upon the Shakespeare Year appeared in a recent issue of the Birmingham *Daily Post*, in England, which, although unsigned, is undoubtedly the work of the indefatigable and accomplished "Shakespearian" SAMUEL TIMMINS. The article comprises a survey of all the contributions to literature and criticism, and all forms of Shakespearian activity during the year in all parts of the world; and the copious references to America are of especial value, because nowhere else, so far as we know, is such a careful and thorough statement accessible.

It appears that the number of American pilgrims to the birthplace, home, and grave of SHAKESPEARE at Stratford far surpasses that from other countries. There were probably not fewer than twenty thousand American visitors during the last year, and every year there are more. The article pays just tribute to the American editors, specifying RICHARD GRANT WHITE, whose *Shakespeare's Scholar*, in 1854, introduced the active modern interest of this country in the poet's works. Dr. HOWARD FURNESS'S "Variorum" is well called "the greatest of all editions of SHAKESPEARE'S plays," and Dr. W. J. ROLFE'S article refuting the "cryptogram" theory of Mr. DONNELLY the article holds to be conclusive. Mr. PRESTON JOHNSON'S theory of Hamlet as JAMES I. does not escape the eye of the author, who pronounces the claim "not proven."

The labors of the New York and Philadelphia Shakespeare societies are mentioned with great commendation. *The Shakespeareana*, a serial publication issued by them, is described as one "which America was the first to establish, and which SHAKESPEARE'S own land has not tried to rival or surpass." The Hon. ALVEY A. ADEE, of Washington, is called in the article "perhaps the most learned among Americans on all questions of the English drama." Chicago proposes to erect a SHAKESPEARE hall, including a theatre, library, and museum; and the picture of American activity in the study of SHAKESPEARE as SHAKESPEARE, and not as BACON, must fill the mind of Mr. DONNELLY with dismay.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS LATE JOURNEY.

AMONG all the pleasant and tactful things said by the President in his late series of one hundred and forty speeches, none was more striking, certainly none so fine, as one sentence in his remarks at the grave of LINCOLN in Springfield, Illinois. Alluding to the great centres of busy industry which had arisen in the Southern States, and the hum of machinery and blazing of furnaces in what had been so lately a solitude, he said that as he looked and listened he felt that it was all mainly due to LINCOLN. "All these fires of industry were lighted at the funeral pyre of slavery."

It will be very singular if the journey of the President, which was singularly fortunate in its circumstances, and which has placed him in a pleasanter light before the country than ever before, should have had no effect upon his view of the public situation. It would be surprising if he had returned with the impression confirmed that Congressional legislation and Congressional action should be founded upon suspicion and apprehension of the good faith of the region which he has traversed. It would be remarkable, also, if he believed more firmly than ever that a spirit of cordial co-operation with "the new South" involved the surrender of any valuable result secured by the war.

The disposition to regard differences of political opinion as revolutionary is incompatible with peaceful politics. To suppose that "the South" still means substantially what it did when it meant slavery, and to stand constantly on guard against essential treason, make normal politics impossible. Yet that is the attitude and feeling of an important part of the party of administration, and a part with which the President has sympathized. If he should now see that such a view is unjust, and that no guarantee of liberty is surrendered by the acknowledgment that although certain States were willing a quarter of a century ago to destroy the Union in order to secure slavery, they now desire neither slavery, nor the destruction of the Union, nor vengeance for their disappointment, he would certainly discharge his great official duty more beneficially, because in a wiser spirit.

OPENING OF THE MUSEUM OF ART ON SUNDAY.

THE trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have wisely yielded to the general public request for the opening of the museum after church hours on Sunday. Indeed, the trustees of an institution designed for public instruction and recreation, and receiving public money on condition that it should be opened free on certain days, might well hesitate to deny the application of a body of thirty thousand citizens of the character of those who signed the petition. The request is not new. The movement began several years since, and the petition represented the well-matured conviction of many of the best-known, most intelligent, and most respectable citizens of New York that the granting of the request would promote the public welfare.

The final vote of twelve to four in a board which was very generally opposed to the change when it was first proposed is very significant. The decision is the result of deliberation, and is therefore, so far as opinion is concerned, likely to be permanent. The only doubt of its permanency springs from the question of expense. The Sunday opening will increase the cost. But the committee of the friends of the change do not doubt that the expense will be defrayed by contributions if the trustees cannot provide for it. The liberality of the trustees is well known, but they cannot fairly be expected to add much more to their generous pecuniary support of the museum.

The argument of the counter-petition, which was also most respectably and representatively, although not numerously, signed, was placed mainly on the relaxation of respect for the day which would follow the Sunday opening. But this argument as against an act which is not opposed as wrong, although most common, is usually wholly fallacious. The direful consequences which have been foretold as certain to follow every step in the enlargement of the civil rights of women, for instance, have not occurred. In such cases the only question is not whether green fruit is pernicious, but whether this fruit is not ripe, and, being ripe, wholesome and desirable. There is one thing further to be remembered. It would be unfair to judge the wisdom of the change by the immediate result in the number of visitors. The decision could not be condemned because the museum is not at once crowded on Sunday afternoon. The opportunity is a means of education, and must be left gradually to produce its own popularity. But even in the beginning much is gained if the allurements of the haunts which are already open are offset by the opportunity of noble and refining recreation.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ADIRONDACK.

THE ill feeling with which great corporations are regarded, and which long ago declared that corporations have no souls, is often justified by the acts of corporations for which intelligent men are responsible. Nothing is clearer than that the preservation of the forests of the Adirondack is demanded by the highest interests of the State of New York. The press of the State has done no better service than in furnishing the ample demonstration that the practical destruction of the woods is a fatal blow at the public welfare. If the public spirit of New York is not able to protect them, as it saved Niagara, the State will be disgraced.

Yet notwithstanding the general knowledge of the necessity of guarding the forests against every form of injury by fire and wasteful lumbering and general careless neglect, notwithstanding legislation and the organization of voluntary protective associations and the appointment of a commission of guardians, railroad companies, under the plea of enterprise and facility of communication and transport, are seeking to acquire tracts of the Adirondack which will be devastated by railroad fires and "improvements."

The gentlemen who are urging these movements are seeking to injure the commonwealth. There is probably not a reputable authority upon the subject in the State which does not hold that the consequence of promiscuous railroad invasion of the North Woods will be disastrous. It threatens the supply of the Hudson River, and in a very positive sense the promoters of all such schemes may be regarded as public enemies. It is asserted that the Adirondack lands designed for public parks and reservations have been turned over to the possible possession of railroad corporations. But this is a point upon which there should be no question. The law of the State should secure to the State what the greed of corporations will never secure, and if the law does not accomplish it now, it should be made to do it without the chance of question.

PERSONAL.

THE Latin-American Department of the World's Columbian Exposition is very anxious to obtain information concerning a copy of a little quarto published in Rome in 1493, containing the important bull of Pope Alexander VI., by which he divided the New World between Portugal and Spain. Only two copies of this pamphlet are in existence, so far as can be ascertained. One is in the Royal Library at Munich. The other was sold in London at auction by PUTTICK & SIMPSON, auctioneers, on the 24th of May, 1854, and was bought by OBADIAH RICH, for four pounds eight shillings, for some private library in the United States, which he declined to name. It has entirely disappeared from the knowledge of bibliophiles, and no trace of it can be found. Any person having knowledge of the whereabouts of this historical treasure will be kind enough to notify the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

—Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S faithful black servant, SUSI, died recently in Zanzibar. With a companion, he carried the famous explorer's body fifteen hundred miles, from the interior of Africa to the coast, suffering many privations and risking dangers in hostile territory, in order that he might save his master from an unknown grave. Parliament thanked SUSI for his performance, and even the Queen took notice of his courage and fidelity.

—The privilege of feeling the royal pulse in Siam has been given to Dr. W. R. LEE, a young physician who was sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions less than a year ago to cure the bodies as well as the souls of the heathen. Dr. LEE was so successful in putting into practice the principles he learned at the medical school of the University of the city of New York that the King appointed him the royal Galen. Less than five years ago, before he had an opportunity to cultivate his taste for medicine, Dr. LEE was driving an express wagon in Springfield, Ohio.

—Dr. HENRY W. LEIPZIGER, who was chosen last week by the Board of Education for Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, has been for some time the director of the Hebrew Technical Institute of this city. He managed the free public lectures last winter to the great satisfaction of every one. The Board of Education has made an excellent choice.

—BENJAMIN P. HUTCHINSON, the "Old Hutch" of Chicago wheat-pit fame, spent most of his boyhood in and about North Reading, Massachusetts, where the older inhabitants still remember his propensity for trading. Even in those days he showed unusual shrewdness in his business transactions, rarely failing to make a profit. He learned the shoemaker's trade, and at one time peddled his wares in a bag, but soon got so far ahead that he had a manufactory and store. As he grew older he became a familiar figure in Lynn, and in the tall white hat and surtout coat that he affected looked not unlike cartoons of "Brother Jonathan."

—"JOHN, the Orangeman," is the most popular member of the under faculty at Harvard College. He has sold fruit to the students since 1856, and has a valuable acquaintance among the distinguished alumni of the university. Sometimes the students take him with them as a mascot when they go away to play an important foot-ball or base-ball game, and on such occasions, it is hardly necessary to say, JOHN receives all the honors due his position.

—Iconoclasts have sought to throw doubt on the old JOHN KNOX house in the Canongate of Edinburgh, as a former home of the great Scotch reformer, but Sir DANIEL WILSON, of Toronto, the author of *Old Edinburgh*, defends the tradition as not inconsistent.

—Rev. Dr. CHARLES H. PARKHURST, who has been elected Dr. HOWARD CROSBY'S successor as president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Crime, understands the practical side of life. He paid his way through Amherst College by teaching, and followed the profession for several years after graduation. Study, travel, and observation have given his pulpit teachings a gauge which is broader than the ordinary theological teaching.

—The fame of JOHN BANVARD, the veteran artist, who died the other day at Watertown, South Dakota, did not rest entirely on his panorama of the Mississippi, the largest picture ever made, in which he managed to give a very good representation of two thousand miles of scenery on three miles of canvas. He wrote poetry almost as rapidly as he painted, grinding out about seventeen hundred pieces during his lifetime, and while these productions, like his paintings, were none of them remarkable, several hundred gained publication in this country and Great Britain. Mr. BANVARD also wrote dramas, two of which were acted, and was an entertaining lecturer. From one of his pictures, "The Orison," the first chromo made in America was taken. Till he gained fame and wealth by his great panorama, Mr. BANVARD'S life was one of struggles and privation, but after that he made money easily, and spent much of it in travelling in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

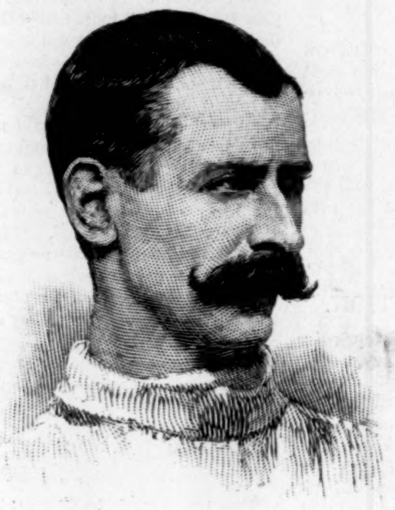
—One of the recent victims of the influenza in England was EDWIN LONG, an artist, who was judged by widely differing estimates. His work found many admirers, however, and he excelled particularly in his imaginative representations of Oriental antiquity. Some of his portraits were also greatly praised.

—Billiards are Mark Twain's favorite diversion, and he has a table and cues conveniently at hand in his Hartford home. Mr. CLEMENS and his family are going over the water for a long stay, but he says distinctly that this is not to be another trip of "the innocents abroad."

—One of the leading characters in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, George Harris, was taken from the experiences of LEWIS GEORGE CLARKE, formerly a slave, and now living at Lexington, Kentucky. He has recently been visiting a brother, J. MILTON CLARKE, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. From these two freedmen, both of whom are nearly white, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE gained many of the facts which she afterward wove into her great antislavery story. LEWIS GEORGE CLARKE knew personally many of the people who formed the characters of the story, which, he says, might have been made much stronger in places without departing from the realm of fact. Mr. CLARKE has had nine children, all of whom he sent to Oberlin College. His wife and two of the children are now dead, and he spends much of his time in lecturing.

H. L. DADMUN.

A. B. GEORGE.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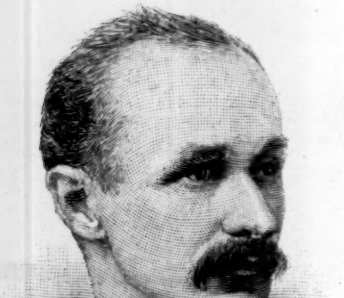
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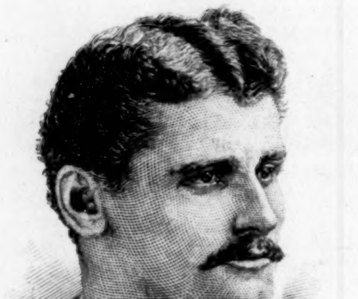

C. A. J. QUECKBERNER.

JAMES ROBINSON, TRAINER.

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S TEAM FOR THE EUROPEAN TRIP.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

By Gertrude Smith

"I DON'T see no reason why you shouldn't stay in and go to meeting this evening. We've been having some good meetings all along. They'll be a big turnout to-night. It's going to be clear, and there's a moon. You better stay in and go."

"I don't think I better. I don't think John 'd want me to."

"I guess he could get his own supper for once; and while you're here, you might as well stay in and go."

"It ain't his getting his supper. He's done that enough times, and he don't mind doing it; but I don't think he'd want me to stay to-night."

"You don't mean to say he's so set against religion that he wants to keep you from going to meeting, do you? He always seemed sensible to me, and that ain't sensible. We can take you home just as well after meeting as before."

Mrs. Hewett had been spending the day with Mrs. McCallister. She had come over from the farm with Mr. Hewett in the morning. He had brought over a load of corn. Mrs. McCallister had promised to take her home toward night if she would stay and spend the day with her. Mrs. McCallister's husband kept the one store in Elk Falls. The two women sat in the little sitting-room back of the store. They were sewing. It was a warm day, and the door was opened on a porch. The porch was covered with morning-glory vines bright with blossoms.

Mrs. Hewett got up and went over to the door, with the pretence of getting nearer the light to thread her needle. She was a plump little woman. Her pale red hair was combed straight back from her face, and coiled loosely in her neck. Her fair skin was flushed. The bright calico dress that she wore, covered with little brown sprays, was over-starched, and rattled as she walked across the room.

"John never said much about it, but I know he's against these revival meetings. We used to come to church sometimes to preaching, you know." She bent her head over her work. "John never has to say much for me to understand what he means."

Mrs. McCallister looked up quickly at her visitor. Her face would have had a look of horror, if it had not been over-balanced by a look of curiosity.

"I've heard people say John Hewett was an infidel, but I never believed it. I always told them so. I've said, many's the time, 'John Hewett may not have got religion yet, but he's no more infidel than you and me.' That's what I've always said." She drew the needle through the cloth in quick, short stitches, and waited a minute for a reply. "A man as tender-hearted as John Hewett couldn't be an infidel."

Mrs. Hewett came back to her chair and sat down. She buried her face in the cloth she was sewing on. "He is," she said, in a half-whisper.

"I don't believe it!" Mrs. McCallister held her work tightly in her hands—"I don't believe it!"

"He is. I've always known it."

"You don't mean to tell me he don't believe there's any God?"

Mrs. Hewett bowed her head. There was a silence of several minutes. Then Mrs. McCallister stood up.

"I'm going to get supper, and you're going to stay and go to meeting with us. If I was in your place I'd make a stand, and go right along. Now you're going to stay, so you just settle yourself on that."

Mrs. McCallister went out into the kitchen, and Mrs. Hewett went on with her sewing, the tears falling on her work. She felt that she had already taken the stand against her husband in the confession she had made. She longed to be at home getting supper for him. She thought of the cold lunch he had had in place of his usual hot dinner, and remembered that she had planned making biscuits for supper.

There was no church in Elk Falls. The foundation had been laid, and the people were hoping to build the church in the fall. At present services were held in the school-house. The school-house had been placed, for the convenience of all, in the centre of the district, and was nearly a mile from the village. The village was on the banks of the Elk River, but the school-house stood out on the unbroken prairie. It was a large one-story wooden building, painted white. An unpainted three-board fence surrounded it.

The prairie was bright with moonlight. On the south it stretched away to the wooded banks of the Elk River and the lights of the little town glimmering among the trees. Owing to the clearness of the night and the great interest that had been shown at the three previous meetings, the attendance was to be unusually large. People were still coming, the heavy wagons rattling over the hard prairie roads. The horses were hitched to the fence around the school-house.

When Mr. and Mrs. McCallister drove up in their light spring wagon with Mrs. Hewett, it was with difficulty that Mr. McCallister found room to hitch his horse. The lights from the open doors and windows shone out, and the people were singing.

"It's too bad we have to miss any of it," Mrs. McCallister whispered to Mrs. Hewett.

By the time they had reached their seat the singing had stopped. There was the usual buzz of whispering and general rustle of people getting settled, and then the minister began to pray. It was a long prayer, and Mrs. Hewett, with her bowed head resting on the desk in front of her, wondered what her husband was doing at that minute—if he had guessed why she had not returned. She remembered the one time she had spoken to him of the irreligious life she felt they led, and had asked him to take her regularly to church. Before that time they had occasionally gone to morning service, but this was the first time since that talk that she had been to a service of any kind. Her cheeks burned, and her heart throbbed painfully.

No one could understand how bitterly he would be opposed to her being there. She planned guiltily to keep from him the knowledge of her having been at the meeting.

The prayer ended abruptly, and the minister began singing. Not many knew the piece. Three or four women sang with their frightened voices through the first verse and then stopped. The minister sang on through the remaining verses of the hymn. He sat behind the teacher's desk on the platform, and when he had finished singing he put down the book and stood up. He was an old man and very tall. His gray hair was rather long, and hung loosely on his head. His face was clean-shaven, with heavy cheek-bones, and a large, weak mouth. His eyes were gray and limpid. After looking over his audience for a minute, he began speaking, in earnest, half-sobbing tones, of the crucifixion.

In a few minutes women were crying softly all over the room. They suffered physically, so vividly had been pictured to them the anguish and suffering of the scene.

Mrs. Hewett sobbed aloud, hiding her face in her handkerchief. Mrs. McCallister, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, listened breathlessly.

"And yet His blood flowed for you, my sinning friend. Oh, let the blood of the cross be upon your hearts! Let its mark be upon the doors of your homes. Get behind the blood; nothing else will save you! And now, while we sing the three-hundred-and-forty-ninth hymn, let every one who has never felt this blessed cleansing come forward. This is the place, this is the time, when you are going to leave all for Christ."

"Are you going?" Mrs. McCallister whispered to Mrs. Hewett.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Come. I'll go with you. Don't you feel a call? Don't you want to go?"

"Yes. Oh, I don't know if I do or not."

"Come on. I'll go with you."

The two women were sitting near the front of the room; and before Mrs. Hewett could speak again, she felt herself drawn forward, and fell on her knees with the rest around the platform.

Some one came in and partly closed the door in the back of the room. The people who were in their seats turned to see who it was, and there were whispered comments. The man who had come in stood with his back against the wall, his broad felt hat still on his head. He had a full beard. His brown eyes looked inquiringly around the room. There was an indifference in his attitude and glance that changed suddenly into one of intense interest. He took off his hat, and went quickly down the aisle toward the front of the room.

"There's John Hewett going forward," some one whispered.

An old man looked up from the bench where he was kneeling, and shouted: "The lost is found! Brother Hewett's coming to the Lord!"

There were loud amens all over the room.

John Hewett made his way among the kneeling people to his wife's side. He knelt down beside her and whispered something in her ear, then stood up and walked slowly back to the door. Mrs. Hewett followed him. The room grew suddenly quiet. The old man, who had been praying loudly, stopped with an impatient groan.

When they were outside in the school yard, John Hewett turned and looked at his wife.

"Just wait a minute, Lucy, and I'll bring the wagon around."

She made no reply. He drove around where she was and helped her in, and they rode silently away.

"I never saw the moon any brighter than it is to-night. I believe you could see to read a paper," he said.

They were nearly home. She gave a half-sob and turned her head away.

"Don't feel bad, Lucy. I shouldn't have thought you'd have done it. I didn't suppose you was so weak, but I don't know as I ought to blame you. What a row they made when they saw me coming forward! 'Caught this time,' says they!"

"Oh, John, how can you?"

"How can I what—laugh? I ain't going to cry over it. I know you wouldn't have been so foolish if I had been there."

Mrs. Hewett was guiltily conscious of the truth of this.

"I suppose Mrs. McCallister hectored you into the whole thing. She's got more cant about her than common-sense. We'll drop it all. I've got a principle against going over uncomfortable things. It just makes them seem worse and worse."

They rode along in silence again.

"John, I've got to!" Mrs. Hewett cried out suddenly. "I can't reject Christ no longer, even to please you."

"What do you mean?" He spoke roughly.

"I don't know what will happen—maybe what you threatened me once—but I've got to give in. I've got to make a stand for right."

"I never stood against you in doing right. We've been all over this ground, and I ain't going over it again. I tell you now, once for all, you can choose between me and that snivelling set I see you with to-night. If you've made up your mind, that's all there is to it. You can go back to your mother to-morrow, if you want to."

They drove into the yard at the side of the house and stopped. He helped her out, and went on to the barn with the horse.

The door was unlocked, and she went in. She lit the lamp and looked around the familiar room, then went into the bedroom, leaving the lamp on the table.

In the morning when she woke she heard her husband building a fire in the kitchen stove. She got up and got breakfast, calling him to come in from the barn when it was ready. She noticed as he took off his coat and hung it up behind the door that one of the sleeves was ripped. She thought she would tell him after they had had their breakfast to put on another coat and let her mend that one.

He sat down in his shirt sleeves, and ate his breakfast in silence. She felt the oppression of his silence keenly. He was usually so light-hearted and happy. When he got up from the table he said:

"I'm going down to Longton with some of that corn. I hear Jennings is paying a bigger price than McCallister."

Mrs. Hewett was picking up the dishes. "Well?" she said, without looking up.

"I don't believe I'll get home much before night." He went out of the door, and not long after she saw him driving out of the yard.

She washed the dishes and swept the room, then went into the bedroom and began, with trembling fingers, to change her dress. When she had finished, she fell on her knees beside the bed and prayed aloud. Her heart rebelled against the thing she was about to do. She felt that her desire to stay was her greatest sin, and prayed for help to overcome it. When she rose she was calmer; she tied on her bonnet, and took out her pocket-book and counted the money.

"There's enough. Oh, I'm so wicked I wish there wasn't. I wish I could stay, but I can't. I can't give in to him again—I can't do it."

It was two miles from the farm to Elk Falls, and the day was warm. Mrs. Hewett started in time to take the one-o'clock train north. Her mother lived at Kansas City, fifty miles above Elk Falls.

She wished, as she walked along the grassy prairie road, that she would be too late for the train. It was a long,

warm walk. All the five years of her married life went with her. They had not been unhappy years. John had been a kind husband always.

When she came to a rise of ground, where she could look off over the prairie and see the little town in the distance, she stopped. If she went back now, John would never know that she had been away. But she did not go back. She dragged herself wearily along until she came into the one street of the little town, and after stopping at the station to see how long before the train would be due, she went across the street to tell Mrs. McCallister good-by. She hoped to gain from her a little of the moral support she felt herself so sadly in need of.

The people that she passed looked at her curiously and sympathetically. Every one knew what had happened the evening before. It had been talked over in all its possible meanings. The men who were then lounging in the store were in a warm discussion over John Hewett's life and his possible future.

Mrs. McCallister was ironing near the door. "My! what a start you gave me! I didn't know they was a soul about. Did John bring down another load of corn?"

"No; he's gone to Longton with a load."

"Oh, has he?"

Mrs. Hewett understood the quick resentment of her tone. "Well, he's free to take his corn where he pleases. I come to tell you good-by. I'm going home for a spell."

Mrs. McCallister turned and looked at her shrewdly for a minute; then went out into the kitchen, and changed the flat-iron for another one, and came back trying it with her dampened finger.

"Well, you're lucky to be able to go this time of the year. You always did seem able to pick up and go more than any woman I ever knew. They ain't many men would take it as good-naturedly as John Hewett does. But then he knows how to help himself more than most men."

"He don't mind my going."

"No; he's so good-natured, I suppose he don't."

"I've got to go now, or I'll miss my train. It must be 'most time."

"Yes, I suppose it is. Say, what made John Hewett take his corn over to Longton?"

"They're paying a bigger price over there. It's some of that left-over corn. He wants to get it all hauled away before the new corn comes on."

"I don't believe Dan McCallister knows they've come up. He always comes up as soon as anybody else does."

Mrs. Hewett said good-by, and went away. Mrs. McCallister had not given her the help she had hoped for. Her interests were more self-centred than they had been the day before.

The first stop above Elk Falls was Turner's Bend. There was a little dot of a station and the usual long plank platform. At eight o'clock that evening Mrs. Hewett sat waiting on the hard wooden bench in front of the station. She had been waiting all the afternoon. When the train had stopped there, and the doors of her car were thrown open, she had rushed from the train, and stood looking after it as it moved away, defiantly.

"God don't expect it of me! I can't do it anyhow. I tried, and I can't!" She sank down on the bench, and cried aloud.

The station-master came up and spoke to her.

"I don't want nothing but a ticket back to Elk Falls," she said, calming herself.

He told her there would not be a train that would stop at Elk Falls before eight o'clock in the evening.

"I'll take it and wait, then," she said.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she reached home.

She had come quickly away from the station when she reached Elk Falls, not meeting any one, but the two miles walk across the prairie had seemed very long.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the waving prairie-grass stretched away on all sides, glistening with a heavy dew.

When she came into the yard she could see her husband through the open door. He sat with his arms resting on his knees, and his head bent forward. When she drew near the door she could hear the cat purring on the mat, and the clock ticking on the mantel. He raised his head slowly, and saw her standing there.

"Oh, John, I've come back. I couldn't help it. I had to." She sank down on the door-step, covering her face with her hands. "I'm so tired I don't know what I'm about. I walked all the way to Elk Falls and back, and I waited in the station all the afternoon besides."

"What station did you wait in?" he asked, without getting up.

"I went as far as Turner's Bend. I couldn't go no further—I couldn't; and it's been so hot. I never saw such a hot day. It seemed as if I'd never get here."

John Hewett got up, and went over to the sink, and pumped some water into the tin dipper, and took a drink.

"I think you've done enough for one day. You'd better come in and go to bed now."

She got up, and came in wearily, and sat down.

"On my soul, Lucy, you look just beat out! I thought I'd had the worst of it, but I'll give in." He came over to her and took off her bonnet.

She caught hold of his hand and held it. "I couldn't go, John. I want to do what's right, but I couldn't go."

"I never thought you was far wrong, Lucy. We've plod on, doing our duty, being cheerful as we could, and we've been honest and kept our debts paid up. I don't think we've got any cause to cry over our shortcomings before a whole houseful of people. Don't let's try to fix up something on the outside to live by when it's all in us any way we look at it."

He went over to the wood-box and began cutting kindlings from a pine stick.

"I ought to set bread; they ain't hardly a bit in the house," she said, rolling her bonnet strings smoothly around her fingers.

"I think you've made enough sacrifice for one day without setting bread, tired as you are. I'm going to take you to church Sunday mornings," he said, after a moment.

"Oh, John, are you?"

"Yes. That's going to be my sacrifice. When I see Brother Johnson rolling his eyes, and sighing, and telling the Lord about all the departments at Washington, I'll think of you sitting all the afternoon at Turner's Bend, instead of wishing I was home and out under the trees. That 'll be my sacrifice, but I don't begrudge it, seeing you've come back."

AMERICAN ROADSTERS AND ROAD RIDERS.

(Continued from page 396, Supplement.)

the teeth, and the standard works have a chapter on them, but it is my opinion that the average veterinary surgeon has a very imperfect knowledge of the horse's mouth, and the troubles that come to the teeth. Whatever knowledge I may have gathered was learned in the school of experience, in which I am still receiving instruction as new subjects come to me for treatment. For the veterinary profession I have the greatest respect, and some of the leading surgeons in this and other cities help to increase my practice, and call me in to operate on the teeth of horses in their care. There are questions about which we differ—for instance, as to extracting teeth. Nearly all the authorities still adhere to the old method of cutting into the jaw, and driving the tooth out from above. I refer to the back teeth, or grinders. This is a most unnecessary as well as a tedious and painful operation. I will undertake to draw any tooth in a horse's mouth with no other instrument but a pair of forceps, and to do it as quickly as the ordinary dentist will pull a tooth from the human mouth. Yet as easy and comparatively painless as this method is, you will frequently see an account of an elaborate trepanning operation by some distinguished veterinary in order to draw a tooth.

"There are several diseases of the teeth that hinder or destroy the usefulness of the horse, the one most frequently met with being known as overgrowth. This term does not just express the idea, as you will see. When the horse is running wild, or turned out to graze all the year round, his teeth will take care of themselves, and he has no need of the dentist. When in captivity, where he eats food prepared by man, the teeth have to be looked after. The soft food that he picks up with the front teeth does not wear them down as fast as the grinding process necessary to mastication wears the back teeth. As a result of this, the front teeth continue to grow until the grinders are held so far apart that they cannot do their work properly, and the horse swallows his food before it is rendered fit for digestion. For this the only remedy is to do for the front teeth by artificial means what nature would do if the horse were grazing, that is, keep them down to a proper length. I have an instrument of my own invention by which I can cut the overgrowth away as easily as you could cut tin with a pair of strong shears. But there is another trouble resulting from stall-feeding which is nearly as prevalent and quite as serious as the overgrowth of the front teeth. In grinding food the horse is pretty sure to wear the back teeth in the wrong direction—that is, at an angle contrary to the natural one—and they soon get in such a condition that he cannot chew properly. With an instrument called a float, which is merely a file or rasp cased in steel so that only the upper surface is exposed, I can remedy this, restoring the grinders to the proper angle. Sometimes the teeth split from hay or grain getting between a small break, and these must be extracted. Others decay or ulcerate, just as with human beings, and again the forceps must be employed. All the instruments for these various operations I had to invent, and some of them have been altered twenty times or more, as experience suggested improvements.

"The fully matured horse has forty teeth, and the mare has thirty-six, the latter lacking the four tusks known as bridle-teeth. At one year there are twelve front teeth, six on each jaw, which remain until the age of three. These shed in pairs up to five years, after which the growth remains, and only changes from wear. Then there are small tusks, called wolf-teeth, that sometimes come close to the first grinders, generally in the upper jaw, though I have found them in the lower. They are easily removed, and not very harmful. As the horse increases in age from five, the front teeth change till they are solid, and in the old animal they project at a greater angle. Sharp dealers make an old horse's mouth look younger by drilling into the natural cement of the front teeth and putting in a composition to surround the artificial cavity. This is known as 'bishoping,' and when well done it is almost impossible to discover the cheat. The surest way is to test the teeth with an instrument, for the natural dentine is quite hard, while the counterfeit filling remains comparatively soft. The age can be pretty accurately ascertained from the front teeth up to fifteen years; after that it is guesswork. A dentist who comes in contact with every variety of mouth should be able to determine the age well enough for practical purposes.

"The irregular growth is seldom found in young horses, unless they have been fed to excess to make them grow fast. The chief trouble with young animals is that the grinders do not shed properly, and the old tooth will remain with the new one pushing its way out. This prevents the colt from chewing his food, and he gets in bad condition. With thorough-breds taken up early to run races this is often the case, and it requires constant attention to keep their teeth in order. To show to what extent the slanting growth may reach, I have the skull of a horse that starved to death near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, some years ago. Here the grinders on the near side wore away to an edge, until they grew past each other, and the teeth became several inches longer on that side. Of course the horse could not chew his food, and the long teeth cut into the gums above and below, making ulcerated sores. A few minutes' work would have clipped off the overgrowth, and the animal's life would have been saved.

"Besides the various irregularities of growth and the diseases referred to, there are troubles peculiar to trotting horses that are used as roadsters or for racing. These are, lugging on one side of the bit, and pulling, both of which are unpleasant habits, and certain to prevent the horse from trotting as fast as he would were he to drive straight. In nearly every case this is caused by the way in which the bit rests against the lower grinders. I have had so much of this in my practice that I can tell instantly on feeling a horse's mouth whether he drives straight or not. If I am treating some other trouble, I find out from the owner or driver if the horse lugs on one rein or pulls, so that I am sure of being correct in my opinion. The remedy is a very simple one, and consists in cutting the teeth down so that the bit will not rest against them, and it is then impossible for the horse to pull. Where a horse goes with his head down it is almost impossible to prevent the habit, for in that case the bit rests against the jaw instead of the teeth. I have thought of a device for curing this by placing a piece of vulcanized rubber on the jaw, level with the teeth, but have never made the experiment. A horse that pulls with the head up can nearly always be cured by cutting the teeth.

"Another trouble with trotters is where the bit, being pulled hard by the rein to steady the horse in speeding, presses the loose and tender skin of the cheek against the sharp edge of the lower grinders. This will soon make a sore, and whenever the reins are tightened the horse suffers great pain, and instead of trotting level, makes continual breaks, and gets off his stride altogether. This is a very common trouble with track and fast road horses, and it can be remedied at once by bevelling the teeth so that there is nothing to cut the delicate skin when it is pulled over. The most notable case I recall just now was that of the little black gelding David L., by Fuller Wilkes. In 1885 this horse started in a race at North Adams, Massachusetts, and was beaten in 2.33. He was very unsteady, and I was called to examine his mouth. The sharp grinders had cut into the skin, so I bevelled them at once, and David L. won his race the next day, trotting the first heat better than 2.30, though the records give it as 2.30¼, and the same year lowered his mark to 2.29¼. Since then he has trotted in 2.19½, and I have treated his mouth frequently to prevent the old trouble from returning. The famous pacer Gossip Junior was affected in the same way, and some five years ago I fixed his mouth at the Gentlemen's Driving Park, Philadelphia. Before that he was a particularly bad actor; but when his teeth were rounded he went steadily, going faster each year, till his record is now 2.13¼. He had not gone faster than 2.20 before I operated on his teeth. Another trotter that I helped was the bay mare Lizzie M., by Thomas Jefferson, whose mouth was in bad shape when I examined her at Utica. After bevelling the grinders the mare went much faster, and lowered her record to 2.20¼. When the black stallion Atlantic came down through the Grand Circuit in 1887 he had the same difficulty. At Albany I fixed his teeth, and he trotted much faster, ending with a record of 2.21. The fast mare Rosalind Wilkes went off her speed in 1887, after winning at Rochester. Her teeth had been operated on, but were bevelled the wrong way, and it was necessary to let them grow out again before using any artificial means. As soon as the teeth got right the mare's speed returned, and she has since trotted in 2.14½. Besides those named, I have had among my patients Harry Wilkes, Belle F., Kitefoot, J. Q., Fred Folger, Governor Hill, and many other famous trotters. Among noted trotting stallions that I have treated for overgrowth are Volunteer, Harry Clay, and Pancoast."

Perhaps the most remarkable proof that dentistry is of great value to the horse is the case of the brown gelding Dobbin, now owned by Mr. Ferguson, and kept at his stable on Fifty-second Street. This horse is at least thirty-seven years old, his age being verified by W. C. Trimble, a well-known trainer and stable proprietor at Newburgh, on the Hudson, who had him at one time. For many years Mr. Bishop has literally kept Dobbin alive by attending to his teeth, and this oldest stable inhabitant is still vigorous enough to be driven regularly. George B. Daniels, a chestnut gelding with a record of 2.24, who won nearly twenty races between 1873 and 1878, and is now twenty-three years old, has also been at the San Francisco stable up to a recent date, and by the dentist's skill keeps in excellent health, and is a particularly fine roadster. The illustration Fig. 10 shows Mr. Bishop at work on Dobbin's mouth, cutting down the long front teeth.

Along with the improvements in the breed of roadsters, and the excellent arrangements for keeping them fit for duty, the vehicle in which the trotter may exercise his powers has undergone many important changes. The best of the light wagons was known as the "yacht body," hung on elliptic springs; another seen in the old prints was the White Chapel. Then came the piano-box shape of body, and through innumerable styles we have the Windsor wagon as the most fashionable pattern for the modern road rider. The chief difference is in the matter of weight, the vehicle of forty years ago being from 300 to 350 pounds, while those of to-day are seldom over 145 pounds. The body is placed on side bars, which rest on half-springs instead of the elliptic, and this adds much to the appearance. The famous Brewster make has a vertical steel plate inserted in the axle beds, to relieve strain on the wheel and hub and make the wheel run more truly in line. John D. Rockefeller uses a wagon of 145 pounds, Frank Work drives in one ten pounds lighter, while the Bonners, Henry W. Putnam, Nathan Straus, and many more road riders of New York take their daily spin in one of these spider-like but wonderfully stiff and strongly built wagons.

In the matter of harness there has been the same steady reduction of weight without sacrifice of safety, the narrow strips of leather now employed being so tanned and prepared that they are quite as safe for speeding as the heavier gear. Altogether the American trotter as equipped for the park and road represents the acme of speed with elegance of carriage, and of him one may say, in slight paraphrase of Shakespeare's tribute to the steed of Adonis,

> "So does this horse excel a common one,
> In shape, in courage, color, pace, and bone."

THE CAVE OF THE WINDS.

I DOUBT if any more vivid impression is borne away from the sights and wonders of Niagara Falls than that derived from a passage through the Cave of the Winds. The emotions experienced are likely to be lasting memories. I went through this watery nightmare, and if the enjoyment of the general pilgrim to this shrine of Æolus is akin to mine, the feelings awakened by the first trip will not be subject to any modifications through essaying it again. Once is enough for a lifetime.

With the conscientious desire of thoroughly "doing" the great American cataract, my companion and I felt that we must visit the Cave of the Winds. There is a guide-book touch of promise in the title; the reality beggars all verbal suggestiveness.

The American Fall is divided into two unequal bodies of water where it hurls itself over the rocky parapet which transfers the course of the Niagara River to a much lower plane, by a small patch of land known as Luna Island. Behind the lesser of these tremendous downpours is the cavity called, by the utmost justice of appellation, the Cave of the Winds.

Some preparation is necessary before venturing on a trip which secures to the tourist the most monumental shower-bath he has ever experienced. A bath-house very similar to those which are found at sea-side resorts perches on Goat Island at the brink of the fall. It is approached through the idyllic beauty of the State Reservation on the American side. After disbursing a dollar to the man in charge, a key is supplied to the victim and he repairs to a dressing-room. There he gets out of his comfortable clothes into a yellow oiled suit, very uncomfortable but very practical. There is a round hood to this outfit, which is pulled up over the head, leaving only the face visible. When attired in this water-proof apparel the tourist looks like a cross between a fireman and an Esquimau. The shoes are also discarded, and a pair of soft cloth integuments bound tightly on to the feet.

Then the guide took us in hand in all our beautiful ignorance. He is steeped in tradition and anecdote about the falls. "You're a-goin' to see somethin' sech as you 'ain't seen the like of before," he said, dispassionately, as we started off. The young New York artist who drew the spirited sketch of a promenade to the Cave of the Winds which is presented to the reader in this number of the WEEKLY and myself were the party.

"You're goin' to get more'n you bargain for."

This remark was treated with flippant disregard as a showman's professional extravagance. After many experiences of the sad falling off from the pictured scene on the part of the meagre reality, one is given to discounting hyperbole of prediction. When I got to the end of the trip, with a glad gratitude that it should coincide with the point of departure and had not occurred *in transitu*, I marvelled at that guide's feeble powers of expression.

We groped our way down a spiral stairway in a small, very high tower, and emerged on to the huge wet rocks at the base of the fall. The enjoyment began at once. With a roar as of a million mills the deluge of water fell heavily at our side, the shattered column rising in smoke-like mist. A vaporous cloud, cold and thick, wrapped us in its humid folds. The mad churning of the water was like a maelstrom, and the din of this elemental uproar beat upon the ears in throbbing thunder.

The frail bridges which span the black rocks above the seething water appear to be the flimsiest of wooden ways, and the slender hand-rails quite inadequate to any strain. As you put your drenched foot on the wet boards and grasp the slimily wet rail, whack against your face beats the cloud of watery particles with insolent force. Under the merciless stroke of the icy water you gasp, clutch the rail, look to see how the guide is taking it, and wonder if it will do that again. That worthy is forging ahead with a stolid confidence which his prey is far from sharing.

It does do it again several times. In fact, it has not the courtesy to give you time to decently inflate your lungs between blows. With the deafening note of Niagara making speech inaudible, save when you yell at the top of your voice, the angry water flouts your unprotected face in its sublime boisterousness of play.

On you go gaspingly over the wet way, clinging to the rocks with your toes through the soft cloth. Imagine the shock of a cold douche at short intervals, and you have some idea of what trailing along at the base of Niagara is. You are in no trim to pause and peer through the fog-like mist to see if you can discover a circular rainbow, though this attraction is billed in large letters in the prospectus of the trip. The greatest attraction for you is that which the rail has for your hand and the rock for your prehensile foot.

You go the width of this section of the fall, and then vary the hilarity and comfort by turning to your right and climbing up the sloping ascent of rock. The assaults on your wind and temper are even worse than before. At last, with one entirely gone and only a remnant of the other left, you stand at the entrance to the Cave of the Winds. All this babel of sound and flagellation from the cataract is only prelusive.

I stood blowing like a stranded whale, in a vain attempt to charge my lungs with air. The heart action is materially quickened, and you are in doubt, if you are fortunate enough to escape drowning, whether you will succumb to palpitation or suffocation. How the sensitive hearts of young newly married people must suffer in the descent to the Cave of the Winds! If your mind can reason amid the turmoil and din, you reflect that you have brought this on yourself, and have paid a dollar of the national currency to be exposed to this luxury of discomfort.

The Cave of the Winds, dark, foamy, slippery, and terrifying, lay before me. In front of it and above is the lapse of millions of tons of water, slightly translucent; at the rear is a black pent of lubricated rocks, with no vestige of a path, no sign of a hand-rail or support; below you is a churning caldron.

It was exceedingly enticing. But as my breathing-space now seemed about an inch in extent, I declined with thanks. I had had more than a mortal's share of this kind of enjoyment, and it seemed wicked to try to grasp more. A dry death on *terra firma*, with opportunity to think out ante-mortem statements, seemed so much more dignified a form of departure. In there even your yell as you disappeared into the well of roaring water would be inaudible.

The guide and my friend expostulated on this eccentricity of conduct. But as I had to do my own breathing, I remained firm. I had had all I wanted of the Cave of the Winds. At last the heartless wretches adopted a strategic movement. They started across. I was left like a wet and grewsome fowl on my roost, confronted with this cheerful dilemma: to go back alone through the battery of the fall, or pass companioned through the inferno of the cave. My social instincts prevailed. When the guide looked back, I signalled my change of purpose.

He returned. I took his honest horny hand, and turning my back to the fall, and abstracting my attention as much as possible from everything in the neighborhood except the guide, I started across. I put forth my leg tentatively till it struck some purchase, then the same operation with the other one. I knew it was "slow," and had I possessed as great a confidence that it was "sure," I should have felt much better in my mind.

The dimensions of the Cave of the Winds are given as 150 feet width, 100 feet height, and 75 feet depth. The width was the only distance not exaggerated. It seemed so much more than that! It was like a small choky corridor with the deluge going on in it.

When I touched the other side and was out of it, I experienced the one undiluted pleasure of the whole trip. But I was very glad indeed to have gone through it. I saw no circular rainbows, and if my only chance to see one is by going through the Cave of the Winds again, I shall never behold that phenomenon.

I asked the guide if it was common for people to arrive at the entrance to the cave and the conclusion that they had had enough simultaneously, and was delighted to find that it was. Dozens of men turn back. The women rarely do so. This is enough to enhance one's admiration of the sex.

One thing may be truly said about the Cave of the Winds, and that is that nothing said about it can properly describe it. It has to be endured to be appreciated. Doré would have enjoyed this awful grot. You fairly brush up against the great water-fall in this trip, and everybody should make it and get a good idea of Niagara. Accidents are extremely rare.

John J. à Becket.

ON A NAMELESS GRAVE.

May 30, 1891.

No brazen monument is there to mark
  This spot whereon he fought and fell to save
His country's honor, but a blithesome lark
  Sings softly from a rose-bush o'er his grave.

John Kendrick Bangs.

NATHALIE, THE EXILED QUEEN OF SERVIA.

THE EXILED QUEEN.

BY STEPHEN BONSAL.

It would be a pleasant and a graceful act for the stranger scribbler, who but six short months ago was bidden to her table, to break a lance in behalf of so fair a lady as Nathalie, the Queen-mother of Servia, who, thanks to the cablegrams in the daily press, we are at this moment enabled to follow, as, in picturesque guise, "with her black raven hair falling down her back," she is driven from the kingdom of her son into a cheerless and a childless exile!

But, unfortunately, Queen Nathalie has always availed herself of lovely woman's prerogative, and never failed to place herself in the wrong at almost every turning-point in her turbulent career. Knowing, as I do, that the unfortunate woman carries into exile with her the tears and the prayers of every wife and every mother in Servia, and that the presentation of the true facts in the case will in nowise abate the sympathy which these important members of every community feel for the unfortunate Queen, I am emboldened to be unknightly, and to tell the truth. Still, personally, I would much prefer to have, as the students of Belgrade, the inspiration of the moment and the romance of the situation as my excuse, and batter the heads of the Belgrade police with bludgeons, as they are doing, and, perchance, be led away into the lock-up, with the chivalrous cry of "Moriamur pro regina nostra!" upon my lips, as they are doing.

The sorrows of Queen Nathalie as mother, and her grievances as wife, have now been pretty thoroughly aired for four years, since the boy King was taken from her custody at Wiesbaden, and the Holy Synod of Servia was called upon to cope with the knotty question raised by King Milan's demand for a divorce. It has been aired to the nausea of many, and perhaps the proprietor of the great New York daily, who cabled from one of the farthermost corners of the globe, "Don't print anything more about Nathalie and Milan, and never mention the Skoupstchina again in my paper," was not out of touch with the popular pulse.

But when it becomes one's painful duty to reside in Belgrade, and to immerse one's mind in the Servian political morass, the reverse of the medallion becomes quite patent, and the unfortunate mother is soon seen and everywhere recognized in her true colors. Queen Nathalie is a political marplot, who has always treated her husband not only as a quantity to be neglected in the political game, but even as a factor to be entirely overlooked without fear of consequences. This was her great mistake. One can easily despise King Milan, and that right heartily; but even now, as he spends his days on the French race-tracks, and his evenings around the green tables of the Parisian tripots, he is a factor, and a powerful one, in the game which the great powers are playing in the Balkan countries. This miscalculation was Queen Nathalie's great mistake. Fair as she is, gracious as she is, and persuasive as she only can be, Queen Nathalie has done more by her political indiscretions and entangling intrigues to diminish the chances of her boy ever reigning over Servia than King Milan, despicable as he is, and disreputable as he stands before the world, with all his failings confessed.

All the world (and especially his wife) have taken up the cudgels in support of the fair Queen's demand for that treatment from her husband which the peasant woman as well as the Princess has the right to exact. But Queen Nathalie never advanced this demand until it fitted in with her political game. Ten years ago every man and every woman in Belgrade knew why Belomarkovitch and Protichs, who are now Regents, were spoken of with contempt as the "tarnished Generals," despite their many and highly-burnished medals. So the sudden elevation of a green-grocer in a small way of business, named Cristich, to the Servian embassy in Berlin, and the transfer of Madame Artemesia Cristich to court, could not have come upon the Queen as a surprising and altogether unexpected occurrence.

It is a matter that is susceptible of the most convincing proof that Queen Nathalie was the best spy that Persiani and Hitrovo, the agents of the Tsar in the Balkans, ever had upon the movements and the plans of King Milan during the era when his anti-Russian policy was rampant in Servia, when "better vassal of Sultan than serf of Tsar" was the evangel that he preached, and from which he promised his subjects the salvation of Servia.

But more than enough has been said about a scandal which both King and Queen helped to make most unsavory. Milan was a bad husband, and Nathalie not a model wife, and the documents placed before the Holy Synod, which prove her treachery and espionage upon her husband, are conclusive, and will not escape history. It was only when her political combinations failed of their expected success that the Queen bethought her to rake up the scandals of the court, and make capital out of undoubted grievances which she had hitherto tacitly if not openly condoned.

But they are not pleasant people to speak about, these Servian potentates, and indeed the Servians, peasant as well as Prince, have gone down hill rapidly in the last generation. Jirachek and Karitch, the Servian historians, themselves admit the decadence of their race, and in default of a better reason, ascribe it to some insidious malaria, which, emanating from the swamps of the Sava and the Morava, has dwarfed the race physically and morally, and transformed the descendants of the men of thews and sinews who followed the brave Milosh to the holy wars against the Crescent, into the pale and puny boys who present themselves for enrollment in the army on May-day.

M. Gruitch, the Prime Minister, and the leader of the radical and Russophile party, which is now and promises to remain for some time in the ascendant, has always passed as a friend of the Queen, and perhaps only some fresh outburst of her political activity has forced him to sanction her exile. But perhaps he has only adopted the Spartan method of saving the life of the family tree of the Obrenovitch by lopping off its older and more infirm branches. As long as Queen Nathalie was permitted to remain in the country no power could prevent King Milan from returning periodically—whenever he is bankrupt, which is at pretty frequent intervals. This was the case last summer, when the King, who had "plunged" unfortunately upon the Grande Prix de Paris, came down upon the Regents "like a bolt from the blue," and showed them, in his cool keen way, that while he had abdicated his kingly prerogatives, he would not suffer the slightest infringement of his paternal rights, and that he had come back to Servia to stay, and to watch over the education of his dear son, and so he went about the country ingratiating himself with the officers of the army, and making slashing speeches in Nish and Krusnevotz, until the whole country was in political ferment, and Gruitch and Risticles came to the conclusion that peace and quiet was worth the half a million francs which Milan demanded as the price of his departure. Then suddenly this gout, which chained him to Nish and its wonderful thermal springs, and his laudable appreciation of the responsibilities of his paternal duties, disappeared overnight, and the King flitted back to Paris, where we hear of him a month later as being blackballed at the Jockey Club.

The casual reader of the *Almanach de Gotha* will come to the hasty conclusion that King Milan, in marrying the daughter of the Russian Colonel Kechoff for love of her, made rather a misalliance. Amusingly enough, Queen Nathalie is quite of the opposite view, and will generally let you know that the misalliance was all the other way. She is the daughter of a Princess Stourdza, who had a history, a minor incident of which was her marriage with Queen Nathalie's father. And the Stourdzas are as old as the hills, and throughout their long eventful history have never lowered their crest, not even for an off century; and if you have never been in Bucharest, or heard the rumor that is current, though not generally credited, that the Stourdzas are the direct lineal descendants of the Roman Emperor Trajan, and that his lost legionaries are the forefathers of the Roumanians of to-day, the Queen will tell you so, and you will believe. But to her mind this condescension in marrying the grandson of a swineherd was the beginning of all evil, and the cause of the blight that has come over her life.

Every day last summer, when Belgrade was hot and restless with the suns of the dog-days and the startling rumors which Milan's presence gave rise to, the Vale of Topsheda, or the "Valley of the Cannon," as it is called, just out of the city, a strange and touching scene could be witnessed, which shows how the Servian royal house is divided against itself. It is the hour when the boy King drives out with his father for a swim in the river. Queen Nathalie, accompanied by Mlle. Stana Baukitchervich, would generally await his passing, seated on some rustic seat by the drive. King Milan sits on the left hand of his son and sovereign, and puffs vigorously away at his cigar, as though it were his purpose to hide the boy away in clouds of smoke from his mother's sad eyes. But no; the boy King rises from his seat on catching sight of her, and after saluting her formally with the military salute, turns and slyly kisses his hand to her as long as the carriage remains in sight. Comment is unnecessary, but it is often made by the passing peasants who come down from the mountains with their donkeys laden with fruit, and the tenor of their comment is, "A plague on both your parents, and God bless our boy King!"

A talk with King Milan is rich mental pabulum for the traveller who is aweary and athirst in the dreary conversational wastes of the Balkans. It is an unmixed delight, but should be partaken of with the admixture of much salt. It is a delightful *causerie* set going by *conserves* after the Servian fashion, and concluded with Turkish coffee and cigarettes, and a more than Persian etiquette prevails throughout. On crossing over into these countries one is immediately forced to the conclusion that Mr. Oscar Wilde's lament "over the decay in the art of lying" is at least premature, and in conversation with the ex-King you, if you never have before, are immediately caught, and participate in the eccentric poet's admiration and enthusiasm for the able and unblushing story-teller who never gives way to philosophic doubt, and who is aware that the criterion of truth is fluctuating. King Milan falls quite naturally into bombastic blank verse, and when warming to his work, even soars to rhythmic rhyme. Your Servian cannot help this. It is inherent in his language and innate in his blood. The Minister of Finance, whose name I would not venture to spell, made his budget report to the Skoupstchina three years ago in well-arranged quatrains. But the budget did not balance as well as the quatrains, and while his report was received as a remarkable production in literary circles, in the world of finance it excited distrust and suspicion, and Servian bonds would have taken a tumble had they not been already deeply embedded in the bottom rock of Bourse quotations.

Queen Nathalie is not as beautiful now in the searching light of sunshine as she is in the subdued light of a *salon*; she is becoming stout. So if Queen Nathalie means to excite the academic youth of Belgrade to rebellion, and to send them up to the cannon's mouth, she had better lose no time. Next year it may be too late.

She should be warned by the fate of a charming woman in Paris, who thinks that she should be Queen-regent of Spain instead of the Austrian Princess. She is the proud mother of two handsome boys, who are several years older than Alphonso XIII., the present baby King; and the ex-Queen Isabella, and the mother of the late Alphonso, who has large views, calls her, "My daughter." "I waited too long," she says, "and when I asserted my rights, I was a little fat, and people said I was forty, though *really* I was only twenty-eight. And this is why I am not Queen-regent of Spain."

I should say that the line of the Obrenovitch, started by the brave swine-herd Milosh, has run its course. And the rival house of the Karageorgavitch is quite impossible. The last descendant of Black George, the only soldier and leader of men whom Napoleon envied, follows nondescript pursuits on the boulevards of Paris. The Servians themselves, if they are to be consulted, have a strong desire to be ruled over by some manly member of the gallant line of Nigosh, who have held the Black Mountain for many centuries against Christian and Mohammedan foe alike. Prince Nikitu of Montenegro, the "only reliable friend of the Tsar," would rule over Servia to-morrow if it but suited the political cards of the Tsar's ministers to let him become strong. But it does not. They fear that his friendship, which has never faltered in adversity, would succumb to the insidious influences of prosperity and the possession of greater power.

THE MACHINERY HALL OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHIC

CHICAGO.—Drawn by Charles Graham after the Accepted Design.—[See Page 406.]

MACHINERY HALL, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

There is a slightly vulgar sound to "machinery hall." The words suggest steam-packing, winter-strained lard oil, and the humdrum of every-day industry. A more dignified term is "Palace for Mechanical Arts," and that is what the managers of the Columbian Exposition have named the immense building that will be erected on the ackson Park site for the display of mechanical appliances in 1893. Necessarily the interior of this building will be rather roughly constructed, without special aim at beauty or intricacy of design. The architectural work of the affair—a rather ungrateful task, by-the-way—was confided to the genius of Messrs. Peabody & Stearns, of Boston, and the experts in the department of construction have it that these gentlemen have acquitted themselves very well.

To return to the rough interior. It will present—so it is said by those who have the arrangement in the eye of their mind—an appearance very like that presented by three railway train-houses placed side by side. These will be the three naves of the building, and each will be furnished with a weighty travelling crane, to be used for the purposes of lifting and moving the machinery that will be displayed in them. The train-house-like appearance will be induced by the spansion of three arched trusses, constructed separately. This idea has been followed for utilitarian purposes. When the Exposition shall have come to an end, the building will not go to loss, as will many of its fellows, but the trusses will be taken down and sold to railroads that desire to purchase a few train-houses at a bargain. The three houses will be surrounded on their four exterior sides by a fifty-foot platform or gallery, to serve as an observatory for persons who wish to behold the whirring machinery at a distance. The construction of these platforms will be deferred until the opening of the Exposition.

But if Messrs. Peabody & Stearns were restricted a trifle on the ornamentation of this commonplace material, no limit was put on their ingenuity so far as the external pieces were concerned, and it is here that the really meritorious feature of their design appears. In the two exterior sides of their building adjoining the grand court the architecture provided for in the plans is really a matter of concern, and confers no small degree of logic on the pretentiousness of the name bestowed on the pile. Their façades were studied closely by many architects, and the judgment of these was that the work was to be graded second to the fine touches of Mr. Richard M. Hunt on the building for the administration, which was described a fortnight ago in this journal.

The two façades indicated are to be really rich and palatial, as a matter of fact. Here will be the Grand Plaza, as it is called, and the buildings facing it are to be designed with a special view to making a grand background effect for displays, and, too, in conformity with the general richness of the grand court. Hence it is that the two façades of the machinery hall—or the Palace for Mechanical Arts, to give it the official title—are made ornate with sculpture, colonnades, and other pulchritudinous effects. There is nothing strikingly original in the designing, but originality in architecture will be a rare quality in the buildings of the Columbian Exposition. The design borrows from classic models in every feature. Especially have the architects looked with an eye askance in their work at the renaissance of Seville, and perhaps some other Spanish cities. They seemed to regard the Spaniards' notions as singularly appropriate to the work in hand. As in the other structures, the fronts will be filled in with staff, and the coloring decided upon is a tone in ivory. The main entrance will be in the form of an arcade, which will admit of passage into that part of the building that will be under cover. The exterior color effects will be departed from in the decoration of the interior in such places as admit of decoration. These will be chiefly the ceilings, and here coloring of a gorgeous character will be attempted.

The length betwixt the palace of the machinery and the temple of agriculture will be fitted in with a long colonnade, having at either end a café. This colonnade will be broken at its middle by an archway calculated to lead into the spaces apportioned to the exhibit of cattle. From the portico here the view, it is said, will be noble, for a vista of almost a mile will be opened. The full length of the lagoon will be presented, and the southernmost end of it will terminate in an obelisk and fountain—the same that appear in another perspective, published in an earlier number.

The dimensions of Messrs. Peabody & Stearns's building will be 850 feet long by 500 feet wide, and the Boston architects have spent many months on the task designing it. It will be located at the extreme south of the park, between the shore of Lake Michigan and Stony Island Avenue. Just north of it will rise the administration building, with its grand dome, and the corner toward the northwest will approach very closely the great transportation loop. The building will be made on a line with Sixty-fifth Street, if the highway were extended.

Additional spaces will be made for the exhibits in this department by the erection of an annex to the hall proper. This annex it is proposed to construct in the rear of the administration building, but convenient to the hall. The annex will furnish a sort of connecting link between several of the greater buildings of the Exposition, such as the administration, the mines and metallurgy building, the transportation building, and the mechanical hall itself. These links will be supplied in the form of tunnels furnishing avenues of communication to the ground-floors of all these departments, and by bridges for the accommodation of visitors who chance to be on the galleries of one exhibit and desire to reach the other without taking a circuitous route for that purpose. It is proposed to build the annex in the form of a very simple and inexpensive structure of wood, with no attempt whatever at beauty. Its general type will be that of an ordinary mill or foundry, but its shape will be very odd, in that it is to be annular and of 800 feet in diameter. This ring-like shape was considered as best for the reason that it is proposed to run an elevated electric railroad around the entire main nave. This road will be operated constantly, and will supply to the visitors an opportunity of seeing the Exposition without leaving the cars. In the middle of the annex will be a garden, with café appointments, and this will furnish a pleasant retreat for those who desire to escape for a short time the buzz of belts and pulleys.

Attached to the annex will be the boiler-house—no small affair in itself. Here will be shown what will doubtless be the greatest display of boilers ever seen—in America at least. These boilers will be kept alive by means of gas fires instead of fires made with coal, and thus the disagreeable nuisance of vast clouds of smoke will be avoided. In that portion of the annex building adjoining the house for the boilers will be erected the electric plant—engines and dynamos—that will be used to furnish the subtle power to those parts of the Exposition where it will be used; and that will be almost everywhere. This electric plant will surpass all affairs of its sort in the life of the science of electricity, and its tremendous vibrations will be one of the marvels of the Exposition.

The exhibition in machinery hall will, of course, be confined to such engines and inventions as teach the lesson of progress learned since the application of steam to motive power. Stages will be shown rather than the unbroken procession of improvement.

THE EUROPEAN TRIP OF THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

The first American athletic invasion of Europe occurred in 1881, L. E. Myers representing the Manhattan A. C., and Eugene Merrill the Scottish-American A. C., the former winning the quarter-mile in $48\frac{3}{5}$, and the latter doing a mile on grass in 6.39$\frac{2}{5}$. In 1884 the M. A. C. sent over a team consisting of Waldron, who has a 10-second record for the 100 yards, Fredericks, and Myers. These were joined by F. P. Murray, the walker, who represented the Williamsburg A. C. Waldron let down a muscle in his leg, and did nothing, but the others won nearly every race they entered. In '85 Lon Myers again went over, on his own responsibility, and completed a series of wonderful performances. A. A. Jordan and L. P. Smith both went over the same year in time for championship meeting, the former falling in the final of the hurdle race, and Smith running second to Cowie. In '88 both the M. A. C. and New York A. C. sent over teams, those included by the former being Conneff, W. B. Page, H. M. Banks, Jun., Fred Westing, E. D. Lange, and H. S. Young, and for the N. Y. A. C., A. A. Jordan, George Gray, W. C. White, C. M. Smith, and W. C. Dohm. The team this year is probably stronger than any previous one. It will sail about June 10th, and compete at the Huddersfield meeting June 20th, the championships at Manchester June 27th, and meet English, French, and Belgium athletes at Paris a few days later.

Malcolm Webster Ford, the champion athlete, was born in this city on February 7, 1862, and is now twenty-nine years of age. His height is 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 162 pounds; chest measurement, natural, $40\frac{1}{2}$ inches, inflated, 43 inches; waist, 31 inches; thigh, $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches; calf, 16 inches; forearm, $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches; and biceps, 14 inches. All of these measurements were made in athletic costume, so they represent the man exactly. There are many athletes of more massive proportions than Mr. Ford, but none that have accomplished so much. Although his dimensions are large, they will be appreciated more fully when it is taken into consideration that he has no superfluous flesh, and is very active in both mind and body. Good judges have pronounced him to be the greatest combination of strength, activity, and endurance that the athletic world has ever seen.

Usually when an athlete wishes to gain prominence he must devote his energy to a certain line of work, and not waste his strength on any other, but Ford is a man good at everything, and in running and leaping is unexcelled. It has often been asked how he got such symmetrical development. It is because he has always seized every opportunity he has had of getting physical exercise of any kind. He has been known to carry trunks that an expert expressman could not handle, and when he was a boy in the wholesale dry-goods trade he could equal the majority of the porters in trucking heavy cases. A story is told of him how, when he was Judge Hilton's office-boy, the Judge gave him a message and car fare, and charged him to return with the answer with all possible speed. The boy neither walked nor rode, but employed the style of locomotion which was second nature to him, and returned in such astonishing short time that the Judge could at first scarcely believe the answer genuine. His boyhood was full of such little incidents, and they show that he was even then possessed of extraordinary energy. Mr. Ford did not inherit unusual physical strength. Both his father and mother are of a literary turn of mind—his father, by-the-way, being the possessor of the largest private library in Brooklyn. His grandfather was a professor in both Yale and Amherst colleges, and his great-grandfather was the world-renowned Noah Webster. There is no better example of the close connection of mind and muscle than in Mr. Ford.

He has won over 150 prizes, consisting of medals, jewelry, and cups, some of which are very valuable, and at the present time has the largest and most valuable collection of any amateur in the country. The most costly is the "Travers" medal for a 100-yard race, which had to be won three times to become the property of the holder. It is a pendant very elaborately engraved and studded with diamonds, and is valued at $300. As the greater part of these prizes were won in contests where he was heavily handicapped, it makes the collection the more notable.

The first regular athletic contest he entered was a 100-yard race, in which he received a handicap of 11 yards. He won with the greatest ease, and from that time his improvement was so marked that at the beginning of the next season, 1883, he joined the New York Athletic Club; and that fall, at the championship games, he won the running high jump at 5 feet $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and the running broad jump at 21 feet $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. He also went to the Canadian Championship games of that year, and won the high jump. The next year, at the American Championship games, he won the 100-yard race and broad jump. In 1885, at the American Championship games, he won the 100-yard race and broad jump, and in Canada the 220-yard and quarter-of-a-mile races. At the All-Round International Championship games held the same year he defeated England's best man, John Purcell, scoring 38 points out of a possible 50, while his opponent secured about 25. In 1886, at the All-Round Championship games, he made a still higher average, scoring 45 points out of a possible 50. He also won at the American Championship games the 100-yard and 220-yard races and broad jump, and in Canada the 100-yard, 220-yard, the running high, and the running broad jump.

In 1887 he did not compete, on account of being barred for alleged professionalism, but in 1888 he again won the All-Round Championship, scoring 28 points, with but a few weeks' training. In the fall of that year he won the running high jump championship of Canada. In 1889 he won the All-Round Championship of America with 30 points, and the running broad jump of both America and Canada.

The following is a complete list of his best records: 100 yards, $10\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; 220 yards, $22\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; quarter mile, $52\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; 120 yards' hurdle, $17\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; standing broad jump, 10 feet $9\frac{3}{4}$ inches; standing high jump, 5 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch; running broad jump, 23 feet 3 inches; running high jump, 5 feet 11 inches; three standing broad jumps, 34 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches; ten standing broad jumps, 113 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches; standing hop, step, and jump, 29 feet $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches; running hop, step, and jump, 44 feet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches; putting 16-lb. shot, 37 feet 2 inches; throwing 16-lb. hammer, 91 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; throwing 56-lb. weight, 21 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches; pole vault, 9 feet 6 inches; one-hand bar vault, 5 feet $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches; and pushing up dumb-bells, either arm, 130 lbs. Several of the above are the best amateur records in the world. Most of the others mentioned are within a fraction of the best records, several of which are known to be within Mr. Ford's powers.

All of these records were gained without artificial aid, and no athlete in the world ever made such a set of high-class records as this list shows. It proves conclusively that it is far better to use all the parts of the system rather than to develop one at the expense of another. Mr. Ford's figure gives the impression that the parts were put together for an especial purpose, the result of the judicious training of all. His regular habits must have had a great deal to do with his successful career as an athlete. He does not use tobacco in any form nor indulge in any excesses. To-day, properly trained, he could defeat any amateur in the world in an all-round contest.

For the first time in half a dozen years a tall man won the amateur championship for the three-mile walk in September, 1889, and C. L. Nicoll, who stands over six feet in walking shoes, became the champion for that year.

Nicoll made his appearance on the track during the year of 1885. He took part in many amateur walking races at all distances in the vicinity of this city, and met with success. He soon developed a good style of locomotion, and in a few years he was ranked among the best. He competed in the championship games in 1887, but did not win. In 1888 he took part in the American fixture again, but was defeated. But he went to Montreal a few weeks later on his club's team, and captured the three-mile event in great style, doing 22 minutes $44\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, which was the fastest time made there since 1883, when F. P. Murray did 22 minutes 12 seconds.

The season of 1889 opened well for him, for he won a large number of handicap races, generally from scratch, in games around New York and Philadelphia. In the fall of the same year he captured the three-mile championship walk of both America and Canada, doing 23 minutes $33\frac{4}{5}$ seconds in the former on a very heavy track, and 22 minutes $41\frac{3}{5}$ seconds in the Canadian fixture. His build is very unusual, and he is decidedly thin, weighing 130 pounds. He shows no tendency to accumulate flesh, and although he has a good depth of chest, his waist is unnaturally small, measuring only 29 inches; and that for a man six feet high is most unusual. He steps out with a long, free stride, and when feeling well his style of moving impresses the majority favorably.

Until an in-door meeting in Madison Square Garden several winters ago Harry L. Dadmun was not known to the athletic world. On that evening he created a sensation by actually running away from W. C. Dohm in a handicap half-mile. He began running when in the Worcester High-School, and while there won the school all-round running and jumping contest three times in five meetings, securing 20 first and 9 second prizes, and making several records, two or three of which stand to-day. He entered the Worcester Polytechnic Institute in the spring of '88, and since then has won 16 first and 3 second prizes, besides breaking 11 records. At the present time he holds seven Tech records. In the spring of '88 he was second in N. E. I. A. A. high-hurdle race, and last spring second in the 220 yards' dash at the same games. His best running was done last fall. He was second in half-mile at Yonkers, August 9, by 4 yards in 2.01$\frac{3}{5}$ from 12-yard mark; won the half-mile American championship, October 11th, at Washington; the half-mile at Boston, October 18th, in 2.08$\frac{4}{5}$ from scratch; and the half at M. A. C. in-door games in Madison Square Garden November 1st, from scratch, in 2.09. Besides these he has won between 30 and 40 other events of less importance His best records are—100 yards, $10\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; 220 yards, 23 seconds; 440 yards, 51 seconds; half-mile run, 1 minute $59\frac{1}{5}$ seconds; mile run, 4 minutes 48 seconds; 120 yards' hurdle race, $18\frac{3}{5}$ seconds; 220 yards' hurdle race, $28\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; running broad jump, 20 feet; and hop, step, and jump, 40 feet 11 inches. Was born August 16, 1869, and is twenty-one years old. Weighs, in condition and in running costume, 110 pounds. Physically he is a counterpart of the greatest runner that ever put on a shoe, as he was in his prime—Lon Myers.

Mortimer Remington is twenty-three years of age, 5 feet 11 inches high, and weighs 152 pounds in condition. His first race was a 100-yard novice event at the Outing Athletic Club games, November 4, '89, which he won in 11 seconds. During the following winter he began to attract attention by winning several in-door sprints, and at the Nautilus Boat Club games on February 5, '90, in the final heat—a 50-yard event—he ran three dead heats for first place with T. I. Lee, N. Y. A. C., winning the last one by about 3 inches in $5\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. His first race out-doors was at the spring meeting of the M.A.C., where, in the final of the 125-yard dash, he ran a dead heat with W. C. Downs, who had $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards handicap on him. In the run-off Downs won by about a foot.

During last summer he won a great many races, and on September 1st captured the scratch 100 and 220 yard at the S. I. A. C. games. September 20th he won the 440 yards at the M. A. C. games, and the following Saturday the 440-yard Canadian Championship in $50\frac{4}{5}$ seconds—his best performance. He was one of the Salford-Harrier-Manhattan A. C. team that went to Detroit, Chicago, and Boston, and he won the quarter-mile at each place. On October 11th, at the American Championship, he ran second in the quarter-mile to W. C. Downs in 50 seconds. He was thrown out of his stride in this event by a man falling directly in front of him. He has shown up well this year, and bids fair to improve his previous performance greatly. He is a smooth, steady runner, extremely strong at the finish.

J. S. Roddy went on the track in April, '88, at the advice of his physician, owing to inherited lung troubles. In October, '87, he won the Freshman 440 scratch, in a baseball suit, in 59 seconds, but did no subsequent running until the latter part of March or early April of the next year. He then competed in four sets of games, winning first in the half-mile twice in slow time, and being beaten out of a place in the others. The first years of Roddy's career were filled with defeats in close finishes, but he was gaining strength and becoming formidable. In the last two years he has done almost all his running, and in that time has been placed in thirty-seven out of forty-six contests, having competed and been placed in the 100, 220, 440, 860, 880, 1-mile, 3-mile, and 8-mile runs, in the running broad jump, running high jump, and spring-board jump, a decided variety. His best distances are the 440 and 880 yard runs, and the running broad jump as a side issue. In the former his best pub-

lic time is 50⅘ seconds, made at the Intercollegiate games, when he ran second to Downs. His best 860 record is 1 minute 58⅗ seconds, made on the University of Pennsylvania track, May, '89, and best 880 yards in 2 minutes, when second to Dadmun at the A. A. U. Championships last year. His weight when he began running was 115 pounds; it is now 140 pounds. Height, 5 feet 11 inches. He was twenty-four years old a couple months after he started to train, three years ago. He is regarded as one of the fastest middle-distance men in the country, and is a strong example of what judicious exercise will do for a man.

H. L. Hallock made his first attempt in athletics in '87, under the instruction of Professor Andrews, of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A. At that time being a member of the Nautilus Boat Club, he competed under its colors, winning the scratch high jump of the old Brooklyn Athletic Association at 5 feet 7 inches, which was at that time his best performance. In the spring of '89 he became a member of the Staten Island Athletic Club, under whose colors his most important victories were, the Athletic Club of Schuylkill Navy jump, in the spring of '89, from scratch, height 5 feet 10¼ inches, and second in the American Championships at 5 feet 9½ inches. In December, '89, he joined the Manhattan Athletic Club, his most important winnings since then being second in the American Championships (and as Nickerson, N. Y. A. C., was disqualified, the Amateur Athletic Union awarded him first prize), and first in the games of the Nautilus Boat Club in February, '91, at 5 feet 10½ inches, which is his best performance. His height is 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150 pounds, and age twenty-two years. He negotiates the jump with a great deal of science, and his steady improvement has been due entirely to indefatigable practice. His natural ability was not great, and what he has done is due to cultivation.

Luther H. Cary was born at Turner, Maine, and is twenty-three years old, 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and in condition weighs 142 pounds in his running costume. He made his first appearance in Chicago in '88, and the remarkably fast time with which he was credited was not believed here in the East. The following year he made his first appearance in the American Championships, at Travers Island, simultaneously with John Owen, Jun., whom he had defeated in the West. His exhibition at this time was disappointing, or rather it confirmed the belief, in a great many, of the inaccuracy of Western timing. Cary was not in condition, however, on that occasion. Shortly afterward he entered Princeton University, and from the time that he first underwent a proper system of training he has been regarded one of the fastest men in the country. His first race was in the Y. M. C. A. games at Chicago in '88, when from 7-yard mark he won the 100 yards in 10⅕ seconds. At the Oberlin College games in '89 he ran 100 yards from scratch in time returned as 9⅘, track one foot down hill; he also won the 220 and 440 on the same day.

His other performances that year were at Detroit, Western Championships, 100 yards—first, 10 seconds, defeating J. Owens, Jun., by 3 yards. Same place and time, 220 yards—first, 22⅕. In this event Mr. Avery's watch stood 22 seconds, Mr. Eddy's 21⅘, Mr. Clark's a shade under 22. Flash of pistol not distinctly seen. J. Owens, Jun., second by 4 yards. Also won 440 in 53⅗ by 5 yards. Wanderers' Games, Chicago, July 4, '89, 100 yards, 10 seconds. New York, Travers Island, September, '89, defeated in trial of 100 yards' run. Philadelphia U. P. games, February, '90, 40 yards scratch—first, 4⅘. Trial won in 4⅕. Record disputed and not allowed, as track was torn up, and could not be remeasured. New York, March, '90, three 60-yard heats, each in 6⅖. Boston, April, '90, U. S. Championships 75 yards—first, 7⅘. Intercollegiate, May, '90, second in both 100 (in 10 seconds) and 220; and defeated by C. H. Sherrill. Travers Island, June 7, '90, first in 100, 220, 440. C. H. Sherrill fell in 100-yard race at 90 yards. Same day, record 110 yards, 11⅕. Princeton, June 10, '90, first in 100, 220, 220 hurdle; 100 in 10 seconds. Montreal, September, '90, second in Canadian Championships—100 yards. Washington, October, '90, second in U. S. Championships 100 yards by 1 foot in 9⅘, getting a poor start.

Last October, 18th, at Princeton, he ran 100 yards, timed by four local experts, who returned 9⅕ seconds. The time was not generally accepted on account of the timers' not being considered sufficiently skilled. On the same day, by the same timers, he did 220 yards around curve in 22 seconds. His last noteworthy performance was at the Princeton game, May 9th, when he ran 75 yards in 7⅗ seconds, establishing the world's record for that distance. He has an extremely awkward style, does not take a very long stride, and gallops, but he has great natural speed. He is not fast in getting off his mark, though improving in that respect. He is running very strong this spring, and will probably do some record-breaking before the year is out.

C. A. Joseph Queckberner is a veteran in athletics. He has been competing since 1872; has won three hundred medals, thirty-four of which are championships of the United States and Canada. He was born in Warsaw, Poland, thirty-three years ago; weighs, when in condition, 218 pounds, and is 5 feet 9½ inches in height. He has been a member of the New York Athletic Club and Staten Island Club, but now represents the Cherry Diamond only. He holds the following world's records: 12-pound hammer from stand, 3½-foot handle, 116 feet 4 inches; 16-pound hammer from stand, 3½-foot handle, 100 feet 5 inches; 21-pound hammer from stand, 3½-foot handle, 81 feet 3½ inches. He has made also the following records: 21-pound hammer from stand, 4-foot handle, 82 feet 3 inches; 22-pound hammer from 7-foot circle, 90 feet 2 inches; 56-pound weight from stand, 14 inches over all, 25 feet 10½ inches; 56-pound weight from 7-foot circle, 32 feet 10 inches; 21-pound 12-ounce shot put 35 feet 10½ inches. He is a hard, conscientious worker, and one of the best weight performers in the world. He introduced the two-hand delivery with the 56-pound weight.

A. B. George, a brother of W. G. George, the great English distance-runner, was born at Calne, Wiltshire, England, January 9, '68, stands 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs in running costume 138 pounds. He ran his first race in '84, and in all has taken part in 189 contests, and has won 131 prizes, 69 of which are firsts. His first race of any importance was at the Kildare Athletic Club sports, September, '85, when he won the mile handicap from the 35-yard mark in 4.28⅗ against a field of nearly 100 runners. From that time up to September, '88, when he sailed for this country, he won about every race he entered—a list so long that there is no space here to print it. Probably his two most notable performances abroad, however, were the winning from scratch of a two-mile handicap at the Paddington A. C. games, August 4, '88, when he beat 51 competitors in 9 minutes 35 seconds, and the 3-mile scratch race at the Spartan Harriers autumn meeting, same year, in 14 minutes 54 seconds. His first race in this country was November 15, '88, when he won the 2-mile in-door championship at Madison Square Garden. During '89 he competed in about all of the games that were given, and won prizes in almost every one. September 14th of the same year, at Travers Island, on a heavy track, he won the mile championship of America in 4.36; September 21st he won the 2-mile steeple-chase championship; September 28th, the 1 and 2 mile Canadian Championships; and October 5th, at the New York Athletic Club games, the 1 and 3 mile scratch races, defeating Carter, Day, and Thomas.

October 19th of the same year he again defeated the same men in a 4-mile scratch race. It was August last year before George got into good form, and then he won well-nigh every event he entered. His best race, and probably the fastest he ever ran, was in an 880-yard scratch at the Staten Island A. C. games, when he finished 2 feet behind W. C. Downs in 1.58⅕. September 27th he won the 1 mile Canadian Championship, defeating E. W. Parry and G. H. Morris, of the Salford Harriers, and T. P. Conneff; October 5th he defeated Well, the Intercollegiate champion, in a mile scratch race; and at Washington, October 11th, won the mile championship of America in 4.24⅕. Conneff, who finished second, was reserving himself for the 5-mile run, and did not push George; had he done so it would have been a great struggle, and whoever won would undoubtedly have beaten the American record of 4.21⅗ made by W. G. George in his match with L. E. Myers. During the past winter season George has broken a great many armory records, an especially noteworthy performance being a 1-mile race at the Seventh Regiment games, which he won in 4.33⅕—remarkable time on boards. Probably no man in the country has competed in as many games or ran as many good races as this athletic son of Great Britain.

Thomas P. Conneff, properly trained, could probably make records for one mile up to five that would not be touched for several years to come. He is far and away the most graceful runner on the track, and his stride is easy and strong. He was born in Ireland, '66, is 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs 140 pounds, in condition. He began his athletic career in '85, having the previous year seen for the first time some running, and become ambitious to do likewise. His first races were a quarter and a half mile handicap, and he won both, immediately attracting attention by his easy movement. He also won, the same year, a half-mile from the 15-yard mark in 2.10, and a mile from the 40-yard mark in 4.55; and later, a scratch mile. In '86 he had his first meeting with the best athletes of Ireland, and after being successful in running several good races, notably a half in 2.05 from the 18-yard mark, he entered the Irish Championships, and completely astonished the country by running the half in 2.02⅗ and the mile in 4.32.

July 23, '87, he won the 4-mile championship of Ireland in 20 minutes 55⅘ seconds, and in August of the same year his reputation spread to this country by his defeating E. C. Carter in a 2-mile scratch race at Manchester, England, easily in 9.44⅕. Carter at the time was long-distance champion of England and America. Immediately following this, Carter challenged Conneff to a 4-mile contest, and on August 20, '87, at Balls Bridge, Dublin, the grandest race on record was run. Conneff won by 10 yards, on a grass track, in 19.44⅖, which was but 4⅖ seconds slower than the world's record of W. G. George, made on a cinder track. Soon after this he became a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and came to this country. May 30, '88, he ran a mile from scratch in 4.24, and in June of the same year he went abroad, representing his club, and defeated the best men of England in the championship mile. In the American Championships at Detroit the same year he was defeated by Gibbs, the Canadian runner, for the mile in 4.27, but won the 5-mile championship from Carter. He also defeated Gibbs shortly afterward in a mile on a bad track in 4.32⅗. At the championships in '89 at Travers Island he won the five miles, defeating Sidney Thomas, an English champion distance-runner, and Carter. He was very ill from December of that year until early summer of last year, but got back into form by August, and ran some excellent races. September 27th he defeated Willie Day at Montreal in the 2-mile Canadian Championship, doing 9.34⅕. October 1st he won the mile at Detroit in 4.26⅖. The best form, probably, shown in this country since his mile in 4.24 was at the championships last fall, when, running very easily, because saving himself for the five miles, he finished second to George in the mile in 4.24⅘. It was a lost opportunity to establish an American record—an instance of sport made subservient to the gathering of points to appease club rivalry.

James Robinson, the team's trainer, and the athletic manager of the Manhattan Athletic Club, has a reputation for bringing out athletes second to none. His career as trainer in this country has been filled with success. In '78 he went to Harvard, where he remained until '83, going to Princeton. His excellent work at both colleges in bringing out athletes and teams is too well known to require recital here. Last year the M.A.C. made a tempting offer, and he resigned Princeton to look after the Cherry Diamond.

C. W. W.

DECORATION DAY, 1891.

Thin grow the ranks. A few worn weary men,
With the white spray of age upon each brow,
Come in sad memory of those far-off days
When they marched gayly where they falter now.

A few are left. How short has grown the list!
We call it tenderly, with bated breath,
Lest from our ranks should fade the noble band
To answer to the roll-call of the ruler, Death.

Few, few are left. The ranks grow thin, and wide
Apart as the dim armies of the past.
Silent and slow they come, who once
Their conquering forces on the foeman cast.

Only a few, with weak and faltering tread,
And for a little while, their march they keep
O'er the rough ways of poverty and age,
To bivouac-grounds of rest, so green and deep.

Thin grow the ranks. In silent camps they wait,
Who shared those hours of victory or defeat;
And marble sentries guard the sacred spot
Where war-worn heroes rest in slumber sweet.

So few are left! Where are those gallant ones
Who led the conquering bands to victory,
Who out of darkness brought the light of peace,
And set a race of suffering people free?

So few, but ah! the golden-fruited years
Have scattered memory-blossoms on their way;
And a glad nation comes with thankful heart
To tell its love on Decoration Day.

Elizabeth Palmer Matthews.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION IN NEW YORK.

BY REV. GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D.

The sensitiveness of the Churches of the United States to apparent deviations from orthodoxy has never been better illustrated than in the discussion aroused by the inaugural address of the Rev. Charles A. Briggs, Professor of Biblical Theology in the Union Theological Seminary. He was understood to say that he believed Scripture, the Church, and reason to be co-ordinate sources of doctrine. Thus, in relation to reason, he said: "There are those who would refuse rationalists a place in the company of the faithful. I cannot do so. But they forget that the essential thing is to find God; and if these men have found God without the mediation of the Church and the Bible, Church and Bible are means, not ends; they are avenues to God, not God." This statement seemed to many to show that Dr. Briggs believed the true knowledge of God to be attainable independently of the Bible or the Church. Orthodox Christians hold precisely the contrary. They affirm that God revealed Himself in His Word, for the reason that without such revelation men fail to know Him. The proposition of Dr. Briggs in relation to the place of reason in religion gave, therefore, great offence.

Still greater alarm was created by an unguarded declaration in respect to the value of the miracles recorded in Scripture, as authentications of the messengers of God. In the inaugural, Dr. Briggs said: "Biblical writers do not lay so much stress upon them [miracles] as modern apologists. The miracles of the Bible are miracles of redemption." This was taken to mean that those who published divine messages did not rely much upon miracles as proofs that the message was from God. But every well-read Christian remembers that Christ said to His disciples, "Believe me for the very works' sake" (John, xiv. 11); that He reproached certain cities of Galilee because, though He had done mighty works in them, they had not believed on Him; and that Paul tells the Corinthians that if Christ was not risen from the dead, they were cherishing a vain hope. The book of the Acts shows plainly that Christianity was built by the apostles upon the affirmation of the resurrection of their Master. From Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost to Paul's defence before Agrippa, the affirmation of miracle was made by the first propagators of Christianity the ground of belief. All this is mentioned here as mere matter of fact. Dr. Briggs's statement, therefore, that biblical writers do not lay as much stress upon miracles as modern apologists was startling to orthodox Christians. They were puzzled to know what Dr. Briggs meant.

Added to these were expressions which might be taken to mean much or little, as each reader construed them. Thus the professor speaks of the "bugbear of a judgment immediately after death," and again makes a plea for rationalists, saying: "I rejoice in the age of rationalism, with all its wonderful achievements in philosophy. I look upon it as preparing men to use their reason in the last great age of the world. It is impossible that the Bible and the Church should ever exert their full power until the human reason, trained and strained to the utmost, rises to the heights of its energies, and reaches forth after God and His Christ." Now, rationalism is uniformly defined to be the denial of the supernatural element in Scripture history, and rationalists have been held to be men who make this denial. To many, therefore, it appeared evident that Professor Briggs had surrendered the supernatural as part and parcel of the Christian religion. The alarm felt was not wholly causeless; but there was in the inaugural address such an admirable statement of the contents of biblical theology, as these are understood by orthodox Christians, that it was easy to see that what sounded like heresy might be only hasty speech.

And in this way the matter is determined by Dr. Briggs's own colleagues, in their plea for an abatement of the censure passed by so many upon him. They say, "We distinctly recognize and deprecate the dogmatic and irritating character of certain of Dr. Briggs's utterances in his inaugural and in others of his writings." And also, "The present excitement is, as we believe, due largely to the tone of the inaugural address, [and] to certain unguarded expressions." This very generous judgment of the address is supported by Dr. Briggs's summary of New Testament doctrine already described. In that he takes the position of a devout believer in a supernatural Christianity. Moreover, the estimate of Professor Briggs's real doctrinal position which his colleagues have furnished us is confirmed by the answers, just published, to certain questions propounded to him by a committee of the Board of Seminary Directors. Some of these should be quoted here as matters of record:

"Do you consider the Bible, the Church, and the reason as co-ordinate sources of authority?"

Ans. "No."

"Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice?"

Ans. "Yes."

"Would you accept the following as a satisfactory definition of inspiration: 'Inspiration is such a divine direction as to secure an infallible record of God's revelations in respect to both faith and doctrine'?"

Ans. "Yes."

"Do you believe the Bible inerrant in all matters concerning faith and practice, and in everything in which it is a revelation from God as a vehicle of divine truth, and that there are no errors which disturb its infallibility in these matters, or in its records of the historic events and institutions with which they are inseparably connected?"

Ans. "Yes."

"Do you believe that the miracles recorded in Scripture are due to an extraordinary exercise of divine energy, either directly or indirectly through holy men?"

Ans. "Yes."

These answers are sufficient to satisfy the most exacting supernaturalist. No one, however, will pretend that they are in harmony with important passages of the inaugural address. But as it has been allowable in all ages to appeal from the pope ill informed to the pope better informed, so it may be as proper to appeal from Dr. Briggs speaking with haste and some heat, to Dr. Briggs speaking under the consciousness that the situation requires a deliberate expression of his faith. No one can doubt that the last statement sets forth the real convictions of the professor. When he restrains the action of a very combative temper, he is in accord with his brother orthodox Christians.

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Rainsford, the vigorous rector of St. George's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York, and the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton, the rector of All Souls' Protestant Episcopal Church in the same city, signalized their Lenten services this year by inviting non-Episcopal clergymen to address their congregations. This act, according to the Church canons, is inadmissible. There is precedent, however, for it in the invitations given by the late Dean Stanley to non-

REV. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.—From a Photograph by Sarony.

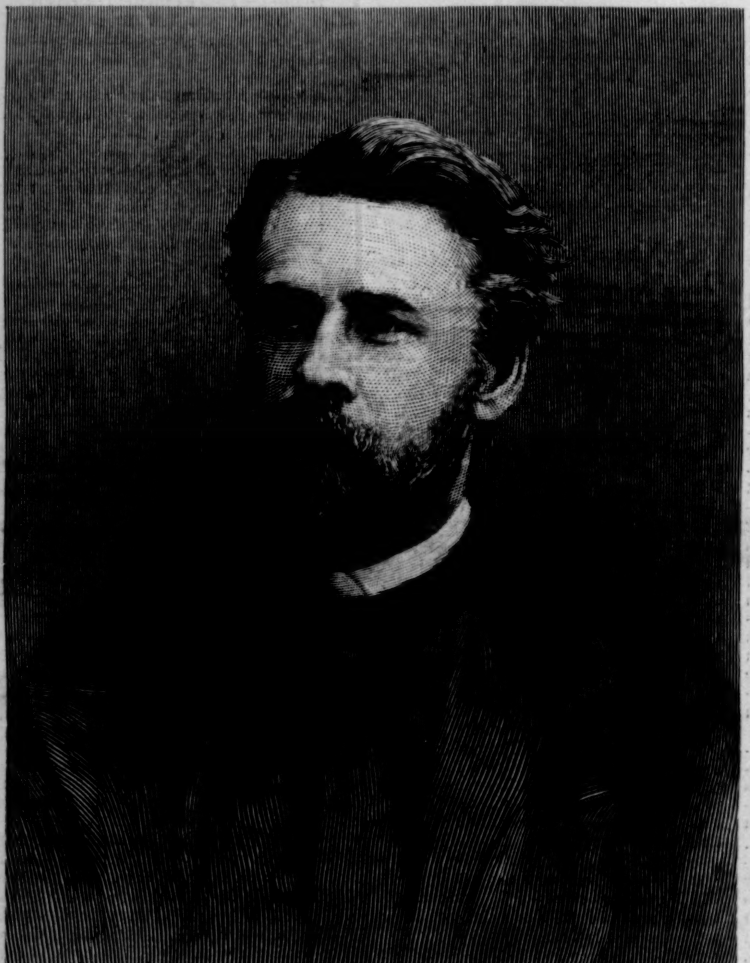
REV. W. S. RAINSFORD, D.D.

Episcopal clergymen to speak to the people assembled in Westminster Abbey. The canons assume that clergymen who have not been episcopally ordained are without the grace necessary to a valid administration of the sacraments, and are therefore not clergymen in the proper sense. It is assumed that the requisite grace for the right administration of the sacraments dwells as a "sacred deposit" in the "historic episcopate," and is conveyed thence by ordination.

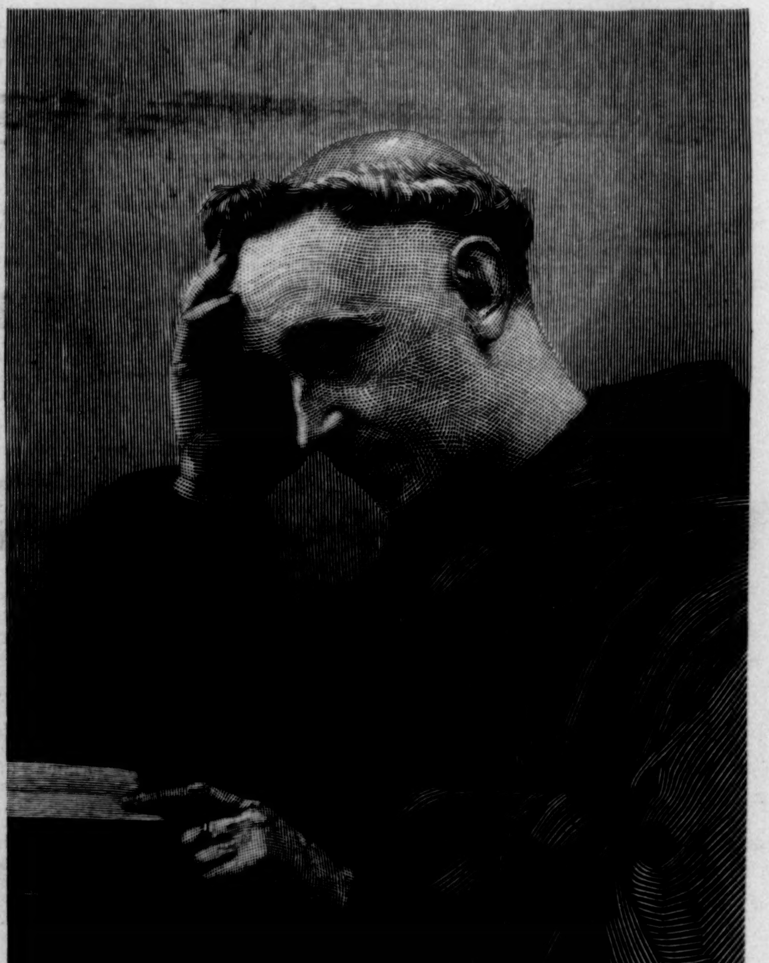
Dr. Rainsford, who is a man of catholic spirit, was charged with the violation of canon law, and replied that the ministers invited by him to officiate in his church were invited as laymen. The same answer was made by Dr. Heber Newton. The explanation has, however, been resented by at least two of the invited ministers; their understanding was that they appeared in the Protestant Episcopal churches as clergymen, and were, in the acts performed by them, illustrating Christian catholicity. To be so depreciated after the act as they have been requires, we confess, some patience to bear. The case stands, as one might say, still in litigation. Dr. Heber Newton, who is perhaps the freest-spoken Protestant Episcopal minister in the United States, and who, if correctly reported by the press, makes little account of many long-established beliefs, has been charged by the English Father Ignatius with heresy. But as Ignatius is not under Episcopal jurisdiction here, and is, if we may so say, a spiritual free-lance at home, his impeachment of the orthodoxy of the Rev. Dr. Newton could not possibly have led to anything more than trial by newspaper.

The accusations have since been taken up, or rather have prompted similar charges, which have been formulated by Episcopal clergymen of the diocese of New York. In a letter which appears at the date of this writing, May 22d, Dr. Newton asks investigation, and is ready to proceed with his self-defence. "For myself personally," he writes to Bishop Potter, "much as I have always deprecated a resort to an ecclesiastical trial in order to determine the limits of thought in our Church, I am free to confess that it would now be a relief to me to have the opportunity thus afforded of vindicating myself from the misunderstandings and misrepresentations which, following me through so many years, have culminated in the unprecedented spectacle of the last few weeks; the responsibility for which is now deliberately assumed by a body of American gentlemen and Christian ministers in our household of faith."

The ecclesiastical situation in New York is decidedly interesting; and discussion, whether formal or informal, must result in defining more precisely the doctrinal and churchly positions of the clergymen most concerned.



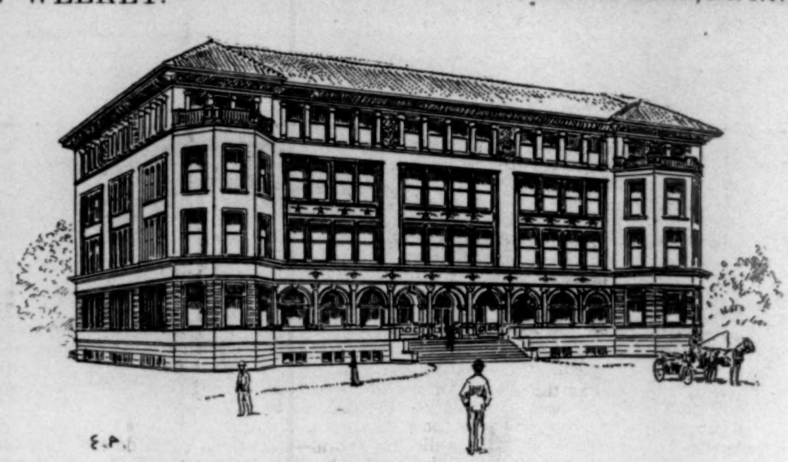
REV. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.—From a Photograph by Alman.



FATHER IGNATIUS, THE ANGLICAN MONK.

DECORATION DAY.—Drawn by Otto Walter Beck.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER.

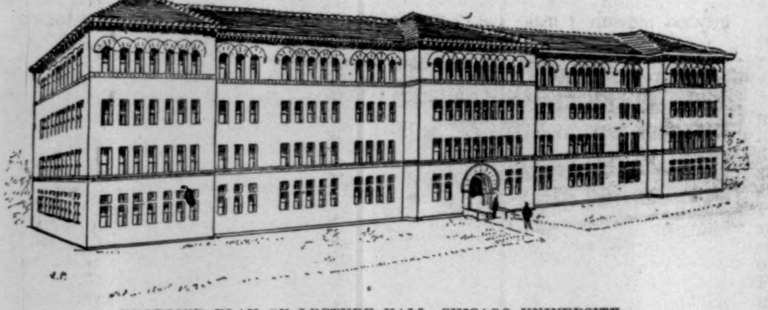


RECITATION BUILDING, CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO AND ITS PRESIDENT.

BY S. GIFFARD NELSON.

BETWEEN the two South Parks of Chicago, and fronting on the Midway Plaisance—itself a park by which the others are connected—is a plot of land 2000 feet long by 362 feet wide. On it a series of imposing and convenient structures are to be reared for the uses of the University of Chicago—a new institution, whose sudden and substantial development is the first achievement of the American Baptist Education Society, itself a recent organization, stimulated to aggressiveness by the needs and resources it found awaiting it. One-half of this superb site is the gift of Mr. Marshall Field; the other half was purchased. Few institutions of learning have entered upon their career better provided with facilities and endowment than this one promises to be. Its brief but somewhat remarkable history as a maturing enterprise is as follows:



PROPOSED PLAN OF LECTURE HALL, CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

The Baptist Education Society referred to, at its annual meeting in May, 1889, resolved upon immediate steps toward the founding of a well-equipped college; and their design having been made known to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, a wealthy and generous patron of learning, and one who has taken exceptionally earnest interest in the youth of his denomination, so commended itself to his approval that he subscribed toward the endowment fund for the contemplated college the sum of six hundred thousand dollars, the income of which should be for current expenses, on condition that within a year responsible subscriptions for four hundred thousand dollars additional should be obtained. The trustees of the society so energetically addressed themselves to the task of raising this large sum that they were in a position to claim Mr. Rockefeller's promised donation within the time stipulated. But while they were at work, the project they had in view so expanded in the light of higher possibilities and requirements that it became evident a university which should be such in fact would alone meet the demand and satisfy the needs of the great Northwest, and especially of the denomination for whom the Board acted. A charter was accordingly obtained from the Legislature of Illinois, which added to the right to establish and conduct academies, preparatory schools, and college, the right "to establish and maintain a university in which may be taught all branches of higher learning," and which may comprise "separate departments for literature, law, medicine, music, technology, the various branches of science, both abstract and applied, the cultivation of the fine arts, and all other branches of professional and technical education which may be properly included within the purposes and objects of a university." The extended scheme found such favor with Mr. Rockefeller that he signalized his approval of it by adding to the donation already made the munificent contribution of one million dollars, nine hundred thousand of which is to stand for endowment, the balance to be used in the construction of buildings for a divinity school.

Plans for edifices were then obtained, and it is believed that work under them will by that time have so far progressed that it has been decided to begin instruction in the colleges, Graduate School, and Divinity School on October 1, 1892. The Theological Seminary of the Baptists at Morgan Park will then remove to its quarters at the University seat, and the building formerly used by it will be occupied as the first organized academy.

The work of the University will fall under three general divisions, *viz.*, that of the University Proper, the University Extension Work, and the University Publication Work.

The University Proper will embrace academies, organized and affiliated, colleges, of which there will be a College of Liberal Arts, a College of Science, a College of Literature, and a College of Practical Arts, the curriculum of the latter aiming to insure practical instruction in the departments of business and professional life; schools, of which there will be organized at the outset the Graduate School and the Divinity School, and subsequently schools of Law, Medicine, Engineering, Pedagogy, Fine Arts, and Music as rapidly as increasing endowment will permit.

The University Extension Work will include regular courses of lectures, delivered at points in and about Chicago, evening courses in college and university studies for those whose daily occupations will not permit them to attend the regular classes, correspondence courses for students in all parts of the country; and special courses in the scientific study of the Bible

The Publication Work will include the printing and publishing incident to the various courses.

It is believed that there has not hitherto been an attempt to provide education for the masses combined with higher education quite comparable to the one contemplated by this institution; and it is therefore reassuring that although the charter requires two-thirds of the governing body shall belong to the Baptist denomination, it provides with equal positiveness that "no other religious test or particular religious profession shall ever be held as a requisite for election to the Board or for admission to the University."

At the first meeting of the Trustees after their Board became incorporated, Professor William Rainey Harper, Ph.D., of Yale, was unanimously elected President of the University. He has since signified his acceptance, and the preliminaries of organization are advancing under his guidance. Dr. Harper has won an enviable reputation as a student and teacher of Semitic languages and literature, and in late years has attracted attention as a frank and conservative exponent of the higher criticism. He was born in New Concord, Muskingum County, Ohio, July 26, 1856. He was the eldest of five children of Samuel and Ellen E. Harper, and is of Scotch-Irish ancestry. He entered the Muskingum College at the age of ten, and took his B.A. at the age of fourteen, delivering a Hebrew oration on Commencement day. The next three years were spent at his home in private study and in considerable attention to music. At seventeen he entered the Graduate Department of Yale, and after two years, devoted chiefly to the study of Indo-European languages, he received his degree of Ph.D. He then became Principal of Masonic College in Macon, Tennessee, where he remained one year. He next accepted the principalship of the preparatory department at Dennison University, Granville, Ohio. In 1879 he was elected Professor of Hebrew and the cognate languages in the Baptist Theological Seminary, Morgan Park, Illinois. In 1880 he conceived and instituted the Hebrew Correspondence School, and in 1884 the Institute of Hebrew was organized under his direction, and incorporated under the laws of the State of Illinois. It was composed of the leading Hebrew professors and teachers of the country. During this year there appeared his *Elements of Hebrew and Hebrew Vocabularies*, and later his *Hebrew Method and Manual* and *Elements of Hebrew Syntax*. *The Hebrew Student*, devoted to the interests of Semitic study, was also started in 1883, and continues as *The Old Testament Student*—a journal for the general public. *Hebraica*, a journal for scholars only, was started in 1884. It is the only journal of the kind printed in English, and two-fifths of its circulation is on the Continent. In 1880 Dr. Harper organized the Summer School system; in 1885 he was elected Principal of the Chautauqua College of Liberal Arts; in 1886 he was called to Yale University as Professor of Semitic Languages in the Graduate Faculty; and in 1889 was, in addition, chosen Woolsey Professor of Biblical Literature. He has also been instructor in Hebrew in the Yale Divinity School. His connection with Yale will cease in July next. He will spend part of the following year in England and on the Continent, and will return to begin work in the new University in September, 1892. He is a layman, having neither been licensed nor ordained to the ministry.

While belonging to the progressive school of Biblical interpreters, Dr. Harper sympathizes in vital respects with the generally accepted views concerning the Bible. Holding and teaching what he believes to be the ascertained results of higher criticism, he maintains that the sacred Book not merely contains but is the Word of God. As a cardinal postulate of Old Testament interpretation he would have the history of Israel accepted as in a unique sense a divinely ordered history. And yet it has the traces of fallibility incident to transmission through fallible writers.

It was not until toward the latter part of April that the Board of Directors of the University decided to take the first steps looking to the actual work of building. Six architects were invited to send in competitive sketches and plans. These sketches were to be limited to those houses positively necessary to the beginnings of the school, to wit, a recitation building and two dormitories. It was thought that with these three buildings on their foundations and finished, the institution would be prepared for the reception of the students who had already made known their intention of entering at once, and of whatever other students that were prospective. The date of limitation was May 15th. The invitations were directed to Chicago architects only, the desire being to have a supervisor on the ground. But three firms responded. They were Messrs. Patton & Fisher, Flanders & Zimmerman, and Mr. Henry Ives Cobb. Nine sketches and plans for the dormitories were offered, of variable quality in point of artistic design. For the recitation building—the one on which it was believed the designers would expend especial pains—three designs were submitted, or one by each of the firms named.

The architects were informed that for the recitation building the Board had in hand the sum of $125,000, to which the expenditures should be limited, for the dormitories the board was prepared to accept plans entailing an expenditure of $200,000, or $100,000 on each building.

The largest and most picturesque of the sketches for the recitation building was that submitted by Mr Cobb. He contemplates a stone structure four stories in height. Its ground-plan is that of a Tau, the extension to run directly back from the main or front portion. The extreme length provided for in his design is 290 feet, and the width of the main portion of the structure 64 feet. Measured from the front to the rear of the extension, the building should be 150 feet wide. In the extension is designed the chapel on the lower floor, with recitation-rooms above. Here also room is made for lecture-halls, offices, and other apartments not specified. The remainder of the pile is counted in seventy-five recitation-rooms. The main entrance is treated in a deeply sunken sculptured archway at a very slight rise from the ground line.

The leading feature of the design for the recitation building submitted by Messrs. Patton & Fisher is the triple-arch entrance. This is Romanesque, and indeed in its entire treatment the design is a return to the classic feeling. This building is likewise four stories in height. The first story is thought to be of stone, and the three superior stories are to be finished in pressed brick and terra-cotta. There are thirty-one recitation-rooms, with seating capacity for forty students. A care has been taken for the chapel, of course, and there are larger rooms left for lecturing, philalethic, and other purposes. There will also be a library in this building. The dimensions asked by Messrs. Patton & Fisher are 197½ by 68½ feet. The interior should be of oak, or perhaps of some other hard-wood finish.

Messrs. Flanders & Zimmerman propose to cover less area than either of their competitors. Their plans provide for a four-story structure 135 feet long by 120 wide, the latter dimension, inclusive of a semicircular extension from the mid-rear that is designed to house the chapel of the institution. There will be provision for library, lecture, and other halls, in addition to the thirty-three recitation-rooms which will fill the spaces on all of the stories. Nothing of a positive nature can yet be said with reference to the action of the trustees on these buildings. All of them present favorable features, but whether any of them will be accepted without the suggestion of some changes, particularly of some changes in the interior, is a trifle problematical. The Board is in no hurry to decide, and whatever will be done, will be done only after much deliberation and discussion. For it is true that the buildings to be erected now are to be erected with every attention to the fact that they will remain on their sites as permanent parts of the composite institution for many years, and maybe many centuries to come.

The site for the University is in every way comparable with any other similar bit of earth in the land. It lies at the Midway Plaisance, in the southern portion of the city of Chicago. It is bounded by Fifty-seventh Street, Fifty-ninth Street, Ellis Avenue, and Lexington Avenue, and covers maybe a little more than twenty-seven acres—a really Roman suggestion for a campus. Its surroundings, amid the parks, near the lake, environed with trees and fields of green, are among the prettiest and most desirable and most fashionable in the city. The air is pure, the scenery a delight.

From the beginnings that will be made with the erection of the recitation and the dormitory buildings, whose plans are now in the hands of the Board, will rise a very noble group of educational structures. This group will not be finished for some years, but certainly there will be little left to add to it when the boys of to-day shall have grown into men. The group will be composed of a main University building, a dormitory building for 1000 young men, a dormitory building for 200 young women, two scientific laboratories, one chapel building, a gymnasium, a complete astronomical observatory, two minor recitation buildings, and a building for the College of Practical Arts. Thus a little city will lift its classic head with the consciousness that it is certainly the most important seat of its kind in Western America, and with the promise that its honors will grow and its scope will be widened with the procession of the years.

PERSPECTIVE OF RECITATION BUILDING, CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

AMATEUR SPORT

MY COMMENTS IN ISSUE of May 9th on measurement for classification have during the past week received further and unexpected endorsement in the "Corinthian Mosquito Fleet's" adoption of an amendment to their rules to the effect that boats exceeding twenty-five feet l. w. l., but *not exceeding* twenty-five feet "corrected length," shall be eligible for their twenty-five-foot class; and, *mirabile dictu*, the Seawanhaka Yacht Club has adopted classification by "corrected length" for its twenty-five-foot class. A correspondent also calls to my attention that I omitted to number the New York Yacht Club among those whose committees reported favorably a year ago on the proposal to classify by "corrected length;" while another correspondent reminds me of Mr. Burgess's plea of January, 1890, for a general rule of measurement and classification to prevail among all yacht clubs, contained in the interesting article from his pen widely republished at that time.

THE CURRENT NUMBER of the *Field*, contains, I notice, a further note by Mr. Dixon Kemp in relation to the question of "giving way at marks," and he recommends to our Seawanhaka brethren a consideration of the rule covering this entire subject in use by the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York and the English Yacht-Racing Association, to which I called their attention some weeks ago.

REGARDING THE SUGGESTION in this column of a National Yacht-Racing Association, it is also a pleasure to note that at its last meeting, a day or two since, the New York Yacht-Racing Association, which subserves the desired purpose for a large portion of our local "small-boat" sailing clubs, admitted another club to membership, making eighteen organizations in all which it represents, from fourteen of which delegates were present at its meeting. The annual cruise of the association under the efficient management of Admiral Prime, provision for which was made at the meeting, will be, unless all indications fail, largely successful. On the whole, it may be said that progress in the right direction is evident from all quarters.

MY DISCUSSIONS IN TWO PAST ISSUES of "A permanent board representing all yacht clubs," and of "A general rule of measurement for classification, to remain in operation for a defined period from the time of promulgation," have in themselves almost covered the arguments in favor of the third of the five points which I proposed for general adoption in yachting, viz., "C"—"The division of racing boats into (comparatively) numerous classes under such measurement." It seems to follow that where the same rule of measurement is in existence for all yacht clubs, owners will build as nearly as may be at the heads of the various established classes. The extra cost of a few inches of length, or a few feet more sail area, is practically nothing in original construction. Time allowance, it is universally conceded, does not, other things being equal, compensate for disparity of l. w. l.

ALL CLASSES BEING THE SAME in all races, a stronger argument in favor of building up to the top of some *general* class exists than would were the classes to vary in their limits in different clubs. To state the argument in another way, their would be fewer temptations to build boats of irregular sizes. To-day one can build a boat of almost any odd number of feet and inches l. w. l., and with almost any given number of feet of sail area, and he will find himself somewhere near the head of *some* class in *some* club, the result being that in nine races out of ten in which he sails he will get time from competitors, and in the tenth race will sail with practically another class of boats, and, being at the head of the class, give time to all of them. Since the limits of desired accommodation, as well as of owners' purses, vary *ad infinitum*, the other half of the proposition, that these classes shall be numerous, so that all may build within their means and with as much accommodation as they can afford, and yet be at the head of a class, must be complied with. If, for example, water-line length were to be adopted as the rule for classification, there should be a class at every three feet from 25 to 50 feet, while from 55 to 90 feet there might be a five-foot difference between classes.

IF THE PRESENT RULE of measurement used for time allowance ("corrected length") were adopted as the measurement for classification, a five-foot ("corrected length") difference between classes all the way from 25 up to 90 feet would be, if anything, more than sufficient. It would allow, for instance, of a boat with a 40-foot water-line being canvased so as to sail at the head of either the 40-45 or the 45-50 class, by increasing or diminishing sail area. Similarly, it would admit of a boat with a, say, 43-foot water-line rating at the head of the 45-50 class; in other words, it would allow of experiment to an almost limitless extent, within reason, as to the sail area necessary for each given boat to obtain best results, and also tend to determine which designer could construct the *faster model* (of a given l. w. l.), by demonstrating his ability to win while utilizing less motive power than was found necessary by his competitors.

THE YALE SPRING REGATTA on Lake Whitney last week gave me an opportunity to have another look at the men who will sit in the Yale boat at New London in June. They certainly will be a beefy crew. No amount of work will shrink Nos. 4, 5, and 6 down to an average weight of 180 pounds, which means that the waist of the Yale boat will be strong. Nor are these three men out of keeping with the rest. Brewster, at 6, has by his long experience made himself one of the most finished oarsmen that ever sat in a college eight-oar on this side the water. His temporary illness early in the season afforded those who desired to run down the Yale crew an opportunity of saying that he wouldn't get into form—talk which could deceive only those who had not seen the Yale crew in years. Brewster will do much to keep Heffelfinger, at 5, in form through the four miles.

HEFFELFINGER HIMSELF IMPROVES steadily, though he is still ungainly, and sways like a great tree trunk. It was nothing short of astounding, however, to see the way his oar bored through the water in the finish of the 'varsity Freshman race. There was a vicious devil in it that gave me an idea of why Bob Cook has for over two years been wanting "Heff" to learn to row.

PAINE, AT 4, is the weakest one of the trio, for he has neither Brewster's skill nor Heffelfinger's strength; but the regular ding-dong day after day is having its effect, and I noticed he got his oar in and out far better than two weeks ago, his body-work had improved, and he had more command over his slide.

HAGERMAN, AT 7, still has something queer about the way he gets hold, or rather does not get hold of the water on the catch. I warn you, Mr. Cook, that just at the second when you want eight oars to grip the water as though they locked into it, and then lift, there's going to be one oar that will be only pressing it. In other respects 7 is good, and it is not that he isn't willing to put his power on, it's that he enters the water *feeling* of it too long before he grips it. Ely, at 3, is not so late as he was. He gets in with the rest and pulls hard. His time, strange to say, is better the farther he is sent up into the bow. In this respect he doesn't differ greatly from Simms, who, while not thoroughly satisfactory at stroke, is a fine machine at 2.

GOULD, WHO APPEARED CARELESS and lazy before he was put at stroke, is now showing up well. I remember the man whose smart wife helped him raise seventy acres of wheat. When asked how, he replied that she stood in the door, and shook a broom at him whenever he stopped to rest. Gould still needs some smart help. The doubtful place in the boat is bow. Crosby and Mills, Mills and Crosby, it has been for a long time. Perhaps by the time this is in type it will be decided, but the problem is a hard one. Mills is stronger than Crosby, but there is a faint suspicion that he would lose heart easier than his rival if he couldn't see the Harvard crew over the stern. This it is that gives Crosby the advantage, and, likely enough, the place.

SOMETHING IS RADICALLY WRONG with the Harvard crew. As I watched the men last week, I was greatly puzzled to account for the slow way in which they forced their shell along, considering the number of strokes they were rowing to the minute, and the evident muscular effort which each and every one was making. Whether it is due to the way they are rigged, or to a lack of unison in the application of power, it is impossible to decide from merely watching them. That there is something, however, which ought to be corrected immediately is certain; but to determine what the difficulty is, one should get into the shell. Captain Perkins would act wisely if he got some old 'varsity oar, who has experienced the feeling of how a shell should move to go fast, to take a place in the boat, and afterward describe his sensations. If Mr. Storrow, '85, or Keyes, '87, could be induced to spend an hour or two with the crew some afternoon, I am convinced that good would come of it.

IN THE ABSENCE of these two men, either of whom is perfectly competent to get into a shell and almost immediately judge of the correctness of the rig and the lack of uniformity of detail, there is no better man about Boston than Mr. Watson. Mr. Watson without doubt knows how a man *should* be rigged; but it cannot be expected that a man of his years would get into a boat, and that I consider is the only way to form a correct opinion. A well-known professional remarked to me after he had seen the crew, "If those boys were rigged right, they could easily go twenty seconds to the mile faster." I am inclined to think he was correct in his statement.

COACH ADAMS IS DOING all in his power, and he is bringing out a good crew, but he has not struck the key-note of good rowing. He is getting the crew into splendid shape in regard to minor details, and all that is needed now is for some master-hand to show him the way to arrange these details in the proper order. Theoretically, I have no doubt that the crew is rigged to perfection; but practically, if I am not much mistaken, they are far from being right. At all events, there is not a man in the boat who impresses one as being comfortable. To row well a man must feel at home in his place, and I question if any man in the Harvard boat could truthfully tell you that he feels as though he could put all his strength into each stroke. Harvard has the foundation for a fast crew, but a mighty effort must be made in the five weeks which remain if anything is to be built on that foundation.

SO FAR AS THE MEN individually are concerned, there has been some improvement since I last saw them. Perkins is doing well at stroke. In fact, I consider him the best stroke Harvard has had since Penrose. If the other men in the boat would only back him up better, he would find it much easier to run the stroke up. Kelton is working fairly well with him, but he should watch him even more closely, and not allow the man behind to hurry him down on the last part of the recover. With Vail it seems to be a question whether he will ever become more than an ordinary oar. His time is poor, and he labors over his work. First a little ahead, then a little behind on the catch, he does his full share of keeping the boat on an uneven keel. Cummings must be rather loose-jointed. At least there is a general tendency to give with the back and shoulders when they should be held firm. He is improving, however, and is so conscientious in his work that I have great hopes of seeing him pull a good oar before the season is finished.

LEYNAM, RANTOUL, AND POWERS are more nearly together than when I saw them last, but Newell's time is wretched. Indeed, the time throughout the boat is poor. The watermanship is disgraceful for this season of the year, and the shell is seldom, if ever, on its keel for any length of time. Taking everything into consideration, the crew is not what it should be, after the amount of time it has spent upon the water. Nevertheless it has many good points, and there is no telling what a week will bring forth. If it once strikes the proper gait, I shall expect to see a crew at New London which will bring back some of Harvard's lost aquatic honors.

W. A. BROOKS, JUN., HAS BEEN invited to referee the Cornell-Columbia-University of Pennsylvania boat-race that is to be rowed at New London, June 24th, and it is with the greatest pleasure I make the choice public and tender my congratulations to the interested crews. Mr. Brooks has served in the same capacity at several of the big foot-ball matches, and gained an enviable reputation for accurate and prompt judgment.

THE COACHING-CLUB MEET of last Saturday was not so gratifying to those of us who delight in fours as the one of last year. We are an inconsistent race, to be sure. When we go abroad we are the most enthusiastic supporters of coaching—on the other side; when at home we are apathetic indeed. With the material at hand in such generous abundance, there is no excuse for lethargy in this the best of sports. The order of coaches was: Colonel Jay.—Good cobby bay leaders, and well-matched pair dark brown wheelers, off wheeler showing quality and action—a very workman-like team, with fair style and action. Prescott Lawrence.—Four rather heavy horses; roan and brown leaders, chestnut and bay wheelers; good movers, without much quality; off wheeler showed hard work on the stones. Not what one would call a park team, but good for a heavy road. W. K. Vanderbilt.—This team—gray and roan leaders and gray and bay wheelers—was rather a disappointment, not showing the action or breeding expected. The gray leader had nice action, and moved well. They would make an excellent team for public coach. F. K. Sturgis.—Four roans; same leaders as last year, with probably new wheelers, the latter not quite so good as he usually turns out. A well-matched team, that looked well together, and with a little more breeding and quality, would be very good. R. W. Rives.—Four browns; good-looking pair of leaders, with high action, and showing wheelers also good, except that near side one goes rather straight from the shoulder. Will be a very acceptable team a year from now, but are evidently green, and not yet in good condition.

C. HAVEMEYER SHOWED about the best park team in the Meet, in four dark bays, though they should have a little more action to be perfect; show best when going at a good rate of speed; are well matched and well bred. W. Seward Webb.—Gray and black leaders, dun and chestnut wheelers—a very disappointing pair of leaders in motion, and not very good on their feet. Wheelers are good and have fine action, especially the dun-colored one. Francis T. Underhill.—Roan and bay leaders, and brown and bay wheelers. Rather a scratch team, evidently not accustomed to go together. Were probably jobbed from a livery-stable. J. R. Roosevelt.—A very well matched pair of bay leaders, with good high action, especially the one on off side. Can both apparently go well. The wheelers, bay, are not quite so good; off-side one rather deficient in action, and too heavy stamp of horse for cut of team.

TAKEN ALTOGETHER, THE TEAMS, with one or two exceptions, were hardly so good as last year, there being nothing equal to Mr. Belmont's show of cattle last spring. The change of hour of Meet was an undoubted success. Nothing could have been prettier than the sight in the Park as the drags in the bright morning sunshine wound about the tortuous roadway. Distances, as a rule, were well-kept, but the "manœuvre" at Stetson's came very near being a failure, owing to the road not having been kept clear by the police. As usual, the display of driving was somewhat uneven; it is too bad all the members of the club do not bear in mind that their teams should be kept continually well in hand, and shown at their best, and not permitted to slouch along at will. It was decidedly astonishing to note the use of "lazy backs" on the grooms' seats on two of the drags. Their use should be prohibited; nothing so detracts from the smart appearance of coach and men as to see the latter with these comfortable but unsightly supports. The Meet, as a whole, however, was distinctly creditable to the club; and horses, drags, harness, were turned out wellnigh faultlessly. It would be difficult for even the London Meets to beat us in this respect. With the addition of a few really Park teams, and a little more quality in some of the others, we should run the London clubs very close indeed. And, yes, another word to some of our coaching men—don't rely so completely on your grooms; get some knowledge of your own.

THE YALE-PRINCETON base-ball game at New Haven last Saturday, the first in the championship series, gives assurance that the close contests of last season are to be repeated this. Calhoun has certainly done great work in bringing out so strong a team; for the team is a strong one, and will be growing more so every day from now on to the end. Princeton ought to have won the game on Saturday, for Yale was somewhat at a disadvantage. As stated in this column last week, neither McClung, Calhoun, nor Owsley are yet in form, as the two first gave evidence Saturday, though McClung made a couple of brilliant plays, and Owsley made no errors. Beall, who was playing short in place of Murphy, made four errors, all disastrous, but at the same time he made one run, two "put outs," and two "assists." He was evidently nervous, and will make a ball-player when he steadies down. Bowers pitched a good strong game, a little rattled at first, but like a veteran after the third inning. You must watch the bases a little closer, however, and have some consideration for first; twice you could have given McClung valuable assistance. Poole showed his right to the distinction of being the best back stop in intercollegiate base-ball.

WHEN MURPHY IS BACK at short, and Calhoun and McClung get into form, this Yale nine is going to be a stiff one; notwithstanding the errors on Saturday, they made more base hits and assists than did the Princeton men. They were more ragged in play, missed a couple of chances for a double play, and yet the score was 4 to 1 in their favor. Now what are they going to do when they get into form? Princeton played like veterans, fielding beautifully, until they went to pieces in the eighth inning, after King's outrageous throw over Dana's head. I don't think this will occur again. King plays a fine game at third, and he was a bit too cocky on Saturday—he made a bad throw to first earlier in the game. He is probably wiser now, after Saturday's defeat. Brokaw is not doing himself justice—three passed balls and a wretched throw to second—he is responsible for one of those runs; and Durell also, in that fatal eighth inning, must have had butter all over his fingers in fielding Bowers's hit. Young pitched a great game, striking out eight and doing much to steady the men, though himself a bit nervous. Knickerbocker also played a good game, and Wright made a couple of beautiful running catches. The next game, June 6th, at Princeton, will be a great one, with both teams improved in work.

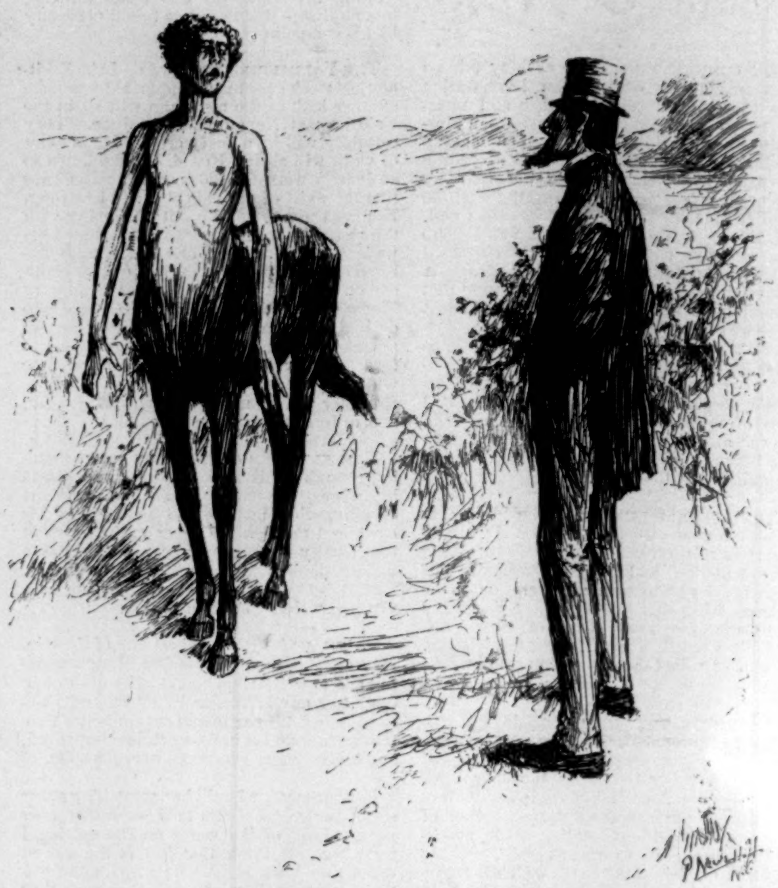
THAT GOOD SENSE with which I have credited Harvard, and criticised the Old Man of the Sea for not permitting its usage, is beginning to bestir itself, and it would not surprise me if shortly I had occasion to congratulate the crimson, and publish the dates of a Yale-Harvard-Princeton series.

THE ASTONISHING PERFORMANCE of J. P. Lee, Harvard, over the low hurdles last week removes all speculation as to the winner of that event next Saturday. Lee ran the distance paced by Fearing in 24⅘ seconds, breaking his own record of 25⅕ seconds, which, when made last year, was considered unapproachable for at least a couple of years. It is not likely that Williams, of Yale, strong as he is, will be able to touch this time. Lee may decide to go into the 220 flat, in which event he would be a dangerous rival to Cary.

THE PASSAIC ROWING ASSOCIATION regatta on Decoration Day practically opens the racing season of '91, and brings up for renewed discussion the eligibility of a Senior coxswain to steer a Junior crew. The local

ON THE RIALTO.

FIRST THESPIAN. "There is old Ruskin, the tragedian."
SECOND THESPIAN. "Why does he always look so melancholy?"
FIRST THESPIAN. "My boy, that's his conception of himself."



UNCLE SAM VISITS ANCIENT GREECE.

"Hello, mister! What 'll ye take fur that air hoss?"

committee has decided that any coxswain may steer a Junior crew, provided he conforms to the demands of the required weight limitation. This question was pretty freely discussed last year at the Newark event, and has never been settled by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen. Henry Whiting Garfield gives as his personal opinion that "a coxswain is a member of a crew, and that under whatever definition of a Junior a race is rowed, the qualifications necessary for one person in a crew should be enjoined on all; consequently, in a Junior crew a Senior coxswain can have no place."

AMATEUR BOAT RACES are rowed to test the superiority of one crew over another, and a coxswain is not taken on until it is found that without some one at the tiller the best time cannot be made, and serious accidents are likely to occur. The coxswain becomes then essential, and his work does as much, indeed more, toward winning than any other one man in the boat. To argue otherwise would be equal to asserting that the engineers and firemen of a steam-ship are more necessary to the vessel's safe progress than the pilot. If, then, the coxswain is so important a factor in the make-up of a crew, why should he not be subject to the same rules as the crew of which he is a member? Crews are classed substantially according to their prowess. Why should not the coxswain be classed likewise? Surely there are grades in the pilots. Good head-work and clever steering can do much toward landing a crew a winner, and it might be argued that an inexperienced Junior can by bad steering or fouling make it possible for an inferior crew to win. Very true. But Rome was not built in a day, and all Senior oarsmen were obliged to work their way up from the ranks. Why should not the same be necessary of the coxswain, since upon his experience and judgment so much depends in a race?

THERE SEEMS TO BE a marked decadence in aquatics at and around the national capital this season. Whether it is an off year or a permanent decline in boating remains to be seen. The various clubs of Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Alexandria have as yet given no signs of activity, and if their crews are enthusiastically practising, the public at large has received no intimation of the fact. It is wellnigh incredible, by-the-way, that Washington, a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants, situated on one of the most picturesque rivers in the world, has not a single steam-yacht. Yet such is the fact, though there is more wealth, in proportion to the population, than in any city in America. Thorough-bred horses and yachts give way to elaborate residences in this beautiful city.

IT IS A FACT, well known to close observers of trap-shooting, that a crack shot in the habit of using a hammerless, shoots badly when he changes it for a hammer gun, and *vice versa*. No matter how expert he may be, an alternation of fire-arms is bound to affect his skill. Every devotee of the trap has sooner or later had that experience, and been utterly unable to account for it, especially when guns would be of the same calibre, same make, and shooting cartridges of identical loading. Many theories have been advanced from time to time to solve the problem, but it has remained for a noted gunmaker of Washington, and a crack shot, to discover the secret, after a long series of experiments. The explanation is simple. The less distance the hammer has to travel to strike the fulminating cap on the shell, the quicker, of course, the explosion ensues. Now, then, the hammer of a hammerless gun is closer to the cap by half than that of the old-style gun, and consequently, in the latter case, has twice the distance to travel, and the gun is not fired so quickly as a hammerless. It is true there is no appreciable difference, but there is a difference nevertheless of a minute fraction of a second, and when a shot must travel forty or sixty yards to strike an object, that fraction of time, small as it is, counts a number of inches on the target, as every sportsman who makes the experiment will learn. Such is the simple solution of a much-vexing question.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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LAYMAN. "But, doctor, he died."
DOCTOR. "I know very well he died, but he died cured."

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"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

THE PARKS AND PARKWAYS OF CHICAGO.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

THE parks and parkways of Chicago are of a type the outgrowth of her natural landscape conditions and the characteristics of her people. Between the great lake on the east and the prairie main-land on the west is a low swampy tract diversified by sand ridges washed up by the storm waves and shifted about by the winds. The lake in some places encroaches upon the land, and at other points extends the shore by the forming of sand-bars. Upon such a site was founded Chicago, and upon such a soil has she built her parks and boulevards. That from elements so unpromising she should have evolved her extensive system of parks and pleasureways is only in keeping with other achievements brought about by the resourceful and creative spirit of her citizens.

The tastes and tendencies of the people were strongly shown in the early building of their streets and houses. Every man wanted elbow-room, and before the great fire of 1871 the typical Chicago dwelling-house stood distinct from its neighbors, if separated only by a tiny garden or bit of lawn; while some residences, with the tree-planted grounds about them, occupied an entire square. The wide streets were rescued as rapidly as possible from their primitive condition of alternate mud and dust, graded, and laid with the most approved forms of pavement. The fondness of the people for riding and driving, that led them at an early day to provide so amply for public ways, caused the feature of fine driveways to be prominent when the public parks were to be made.

Chicago's system of public recreation-grounds consists of six spacious parks strung upon a thirty-mile chain of parkways, called boulevards, which, except for two short gaps soon to be filled, completely encircles the city. These parks and driveways are in general well advanced toward completion, and as their construction has progressed, they have satisfactorily fulfilled the purposes for which they were created. Jackson, the largest of the parks, which recently has been chosen as the site of the World's Fair, is as yet mainly unimproved, but is destined to be one day the foremost recreation-ground of Chicago The parks proper, with several small urban grounds under the control of the West Side Park Commission, comprise $1841\frac{45}{100}$ acres of ground; and 59 miles of boulevards have been built or laid out in connection with them. In the twenty-two years since the beginning of park construction in Chicago over twenty million dollars have been expended upon the purchase, building, and maintenance of these parks and boulevards.

This scheme of public-park building had its inception shortly after the close of the American civil war. Chicago, containing at that time about 200,000 inhabitants, was emerging from its early condition of an exclusive absorption in business activity, and was expanding in the lines of its future as a residence city. It was at this period that, realizing in their city's growth and prosperity the germ of vast expansion which she held, her citizens began to plan and to discuss the question of a timely provision for public recreation-grounds. This movement found expression in 1869 in the passage of the necessary legislative acts authorizing the construction of the Chicago parks and parkways. When once the city had decided to have public parks, the work of making them was set under way with a liberality, energy, and broadness of forecast that belongs to her people.

Chicago at this time was practically without recreation-grounds, although some small beginnings in that direction had been made. North of the river was Lincoln Park, with its 50 acres, somewhat improved, and on the south of it the Lake Front, which, including shallows intended to be filled and graded, contained 41 acres. On the West Side was Union Park, containing 17 acres, and there were about the city a few small public squares. The whole amount of land devoted in any sense to park uses was $125\frac{24}{100}$ acres, in the improvement of which about $105,000 had been expended.

The courageous planners of the park system saw no discouragement in the monotonous swampy barrenness of the only available sites for the proposed recreation-grounds. Lacking the natural features of eminences, ledges, rippling streams, lakelets, and stately forest growths, Chicago none the less was bent upon having public parks and parkways that should not be surpassed by those of any city in the world. The results to-day are shown on the face of the ground raised, drained, and fertilized; its depressions turned into inland lakes supplied with water from artesian wells; and the enriched soil laid out in lawns, or planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The lake shore has been protected by massive breakwaters against the encroachment of the waves, drives and walks have been made, means of popular recreation provided, and the edifices necessary for the maintenance of the parks and for the shelter and comfort of visitors have been built on a scale ample for their purposes.

The parkways or boulevards passing through the larger parks are avenues of extraordinary width, in which driveways, footways, and bridle-paths are separated by verdant strips planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. The drives are fine macadamized ways constructed generally of crushed granite resting upon a bed of cinders; and being well drained and kept free from traffic, continue in good condition the year round. The facilities for reaching the parks from the heart of the city are admirable, and the arrangements generally of the recreation-grounds are in a high degree convenient, enjoyable, and satisfactory.

The city is separated by the river and its branches into three divisions, which, in character and for certain municipal purposes, constitute distinct communities. The North Side, a fine residence quarter, lies north of the Chicago River and its upper branch. To the west of the two widely forked branches of the river lies the West Side, which is largely occupied by lumber-yards, manufactories, and the houses of people of moderate means. The South Side lies south of the river and its southwesterly branch, and within its limits, at the river's mouth, is the city's business centre. The South is the quarter of the greatest expansion, and is characterized by its boulevards lined with handsome residences, and its convenient location with reference to access to all the parks.

Three acts passed in the beginning of 1869 by the Illinois Legislature authorized the creation of the necessary boards of commissioners, to be appointed by the Governor, for the construction of the Chicago public parks. So distinctly separate are the city divisions that from the beginning of park-making in Chicago three commissions—for the North, the South, and the West sides respectively—have been maintained. The North and the South Side parks are managed each by a commission of five members, the one entitled the Board of Commissioners of Lincoln Park, and the other the South Park Commissioners. The members in each board are appointed for a term of five years, to serve without compensation, except in case of the president of the South Park board. The West Chicago Park Commissioners, seven in number, are appointed for terms of seven years, to serve without compensation, except in case of the president of the board. The cost of the parks and boulevards in each of the three city divisions is met by a tax on the property of the quarter in which they are situated.

For several years after the forming of the park commissions in 1869 there were vexatious hinderances in the way of carrying forward the construction work. The constitutionality of the acts creating the boards and giving them the power to levy assessments had to be established by court decisions. Property-holders on the line of the improvements set exorbitant prices on their land as soon as the site had been designated, and other difficulties arose which required new legislation to overcome. But eventually these matters were adjusted, and after 1874 the work of park-making proceeded with little obstruction.

The parks of the best natural features are those of the North and South sides, which have upon their borders Lake Michigan, with its summer coolness, beauty, and vastness of waterscape. The West Side parks, with landscape elements not so desirable, are less visited by water breezes to temper the summer heats, and the development of shade and foliage must be much depended upon to enhance their attractions.

THE SOUTH PARKS.

The South Park system has cost the taxpayers of the district nearly $11,000,000. The parks proper, comprising Washington and Jackson parks, the Midway Plaisance, and the urban square known as Gage Park, contain $994\frac{9}{10}$ acres, and the $16\frac{4}{10}$ miles of South Side boulevards, $311\frac{85}{100}$ acres—a total acreage of $1306\frac{75}{100}$. Of the parks' area 455 acres are improved, and there are 28 miles of improved driveways.

The handsome boulevard Michigan Avenue leads from the business centre of the city to the South Parks, a distance of about six miles. Washington and Jackson parks, connected by the Midway Plaisance, constitute one great recreation-ground of 975 acres, formerly known as the South Park. Jackson Park, the largest division, containing 524 acres, fronts, with a shore line of one and a half miles, upon Lake Michigan, commanding a superb water view. The natural character of the land is that of an open, unproductive, marshy tract, broken by low sandy ridges covered by a growth of scrub-oak or "Black Jack." Its surface ranges in height from three to nine feet above the lake at ordinary low water. The Midway Plaisance, of 80 acres, and Washington Park, containing 371 acres, have the same general landscape features as Jackson Park, without the wide water view, and with less of a natural tree growth.

One of the first acts of the South Park Commission, after selecting the site of the South Parks, was to engage the distinguished landscape architects Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux to prepare a plan for the laying out of the South Parks. The design and report submitted by these gentlemen are masterly and comprehensive ones, giving an exhaustive analysis of the conditions presented, and a method for developing and emphasizing every feature of beauty possible to the character of the natural landscape.

With the one grand and sublime feature of the South Parks—the great lake—as the principal feature, the indispensable elements of turf, foliage, and still inlying waters were to be developed in varied forms of rural scenery. The parks, to harmonize with the general aspect of the landscape, must be embellished phases of the wide green prairie and blue lake. Without the scenic advantages of a broken country, it was intended that effects as impressive should be produced by inland lakes, broad meadows bordered by irregular masses of foliage, and, in Jackson Park, a lagoon system to be developed into unique beauty. Wide lawns and waters, trees, shrubs, flowers, drives, and walks were the features which the improvements were designed to secure. The mile and a half of lake shore were to be protected against the invasions of the waves, the shore design so arranged that the lake view be made most of, and an easy and agreeable water approach to the parks from the business parts of the city be secured. On such a site, developed by such a plan, it was believed that a park might be created with a beauty peculiarly its own, not exceeded in attractiveness by any park in the country

When in 1871 the construction of the South Park was begun, the details first attended to were the making of driveways and the grading and draining of the ground, and its enrichment with clay, manure, and vegetable mould. The black soil taken from the low ground to be excavated for artificial lakes, or where filling was to be done, was distributed as a fertilizer upon the barren oak ridges and other higher lands of the parks. This work was hardly under way, when the great Chicago fire put a disastrous stop to the undertaking. The commissioners' offices were burned, with all their maps and estimates and many papers of record. For a year all work was suspended, and none of the park employés were retained except a small police force and a few men to look after the property.

The next September work was resumed, with Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland in charge as supervising landscape architect. In the progress of construction the plans furnished by Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux were followed in outline, but, under influence of the cruel financial straits of the city, considerable modifications were made in the spirit of their design. The supervising architect was limited to the performance of such work as had to be done at once, and would make few changes in the natural surface. The general plan of operations was to improve the parts nearest to the residence centre of the city, and thence work toward the remoter quarters of the tract, carrying forward the improvements on such parts of the pleasure-grounds only as could be reached from the city over park roads. In this new city, which had risen within a generation out of the marshes, the means for building and maintaining a park system could not have been raised except for works that made an immediate showing, and upon the enjoyment of which the people could enter at once.

Owing to the nature of the climate and soil it is a difficult matter to get trees to grow to large size on the southwesterly lake shore, and the establishment of successful plantations in the South Parks is the result of constant attention. As saplings the transplanted trees often attain a thrifty growth, but sooner or later they lose their vigor, and usually die prematurely The natural soil, thin and poor, with a damp and often water-soaked subsoil, insufficiently nourishes the roots, and the changeable climate is unfavorable to foliage growth. The east wind from off the lake chills the tender buds and leaves, and often proves disastrous to the foliage, and eventually to the life of the tree. The draining and enrichment of the soil, and the shelter afforded by the growth of the hardy varieties of trees first planted, have resulted in conditions under which more delicate trees have at last thriven.

To overcome the many difficulties in securing the growth of desirable vegetation in the South Parks, a Board of Botanical Directors was formed in 1872, serving without pay, under the control of the Park Commissioners, and it continued in existence five years, performing a meritorious and effective work. Of this board Professor H. H. Babcock was secretary and director. Circulars sent to botanical gardens and to noted horticulturists the world over met a prompt and generous response in the shape of many packages of seeds and bulbs sent from America, Europe, India, and Australia. Before the end of the first season 3000 different specimens of plants were growing in the South Parks, and three years later their number had increased to nearly 5000 varieties.

The Board of Botanical Directors worked their way through the troubles attending tree and plant culture in a barren field, indefatigably replacing the many new trees that died with healthy new ones. Elm, ash, linden, ash-leaved maple, catalpa, and birch trees have been found to thrive the best, and the sugar, Norway, and other varieties of maple, and the walnut, beech, and alder survive and grow in favorable situations. Many evergreens die in time of drought, the varieties that succeed the best being the Norway spruce and the white Austrian and Scotch pines. The original growth of scrub-oak in the parks could not endure the amenities of cultivation and the enrichment of the ground, but died out rapidly, and better varieties were set out in their place. In a single year (1878) 30,000 trees were planted in the South Parks.

Washington Park was gained foot by foot from a noisome swamp, the work of construction beginning at the northerly end of the tract. In putting the south part of its area into shape some of the surface was thrown into broken contour, making a pleasing alternation of eminences, lawns, and waters, the diversified character of the ground contrasting well with the open meadow surface of the north end of the park. The earth dredged from the bed of the lake known as the Mere, in the southeast end of the park, furnished the material for filling in those places where the surface of the ground was to be raised. A handsome stone and iron bridge which crosses an arm of the Mere proved very expensive to build, owing to the quicksands encountered in placing the abutments.

Jackson Park is the most extensive pleasure-ground of the city. It is the least improved as to its grounds of any of the Chicago parks, but much money has been expended in the last ten years in protecting its shores from the inroads of the waves of Lake Michigan.

A permanent system of breakwater and artificial beach construction begun in 1884 at the northerly end of the park consists of two rows of piles about seven feet apart, filled in with cedar bark, and covered with a pavement of limestone blocks. This structure was placed in water of about three and a half feet depth, about a hundred feet from the natural shore, the line of which it generally follows, it being reasoned that the form in which the washing of the unobstructed waves had left the shore would offer a barrier of the greatest resistance to their force.

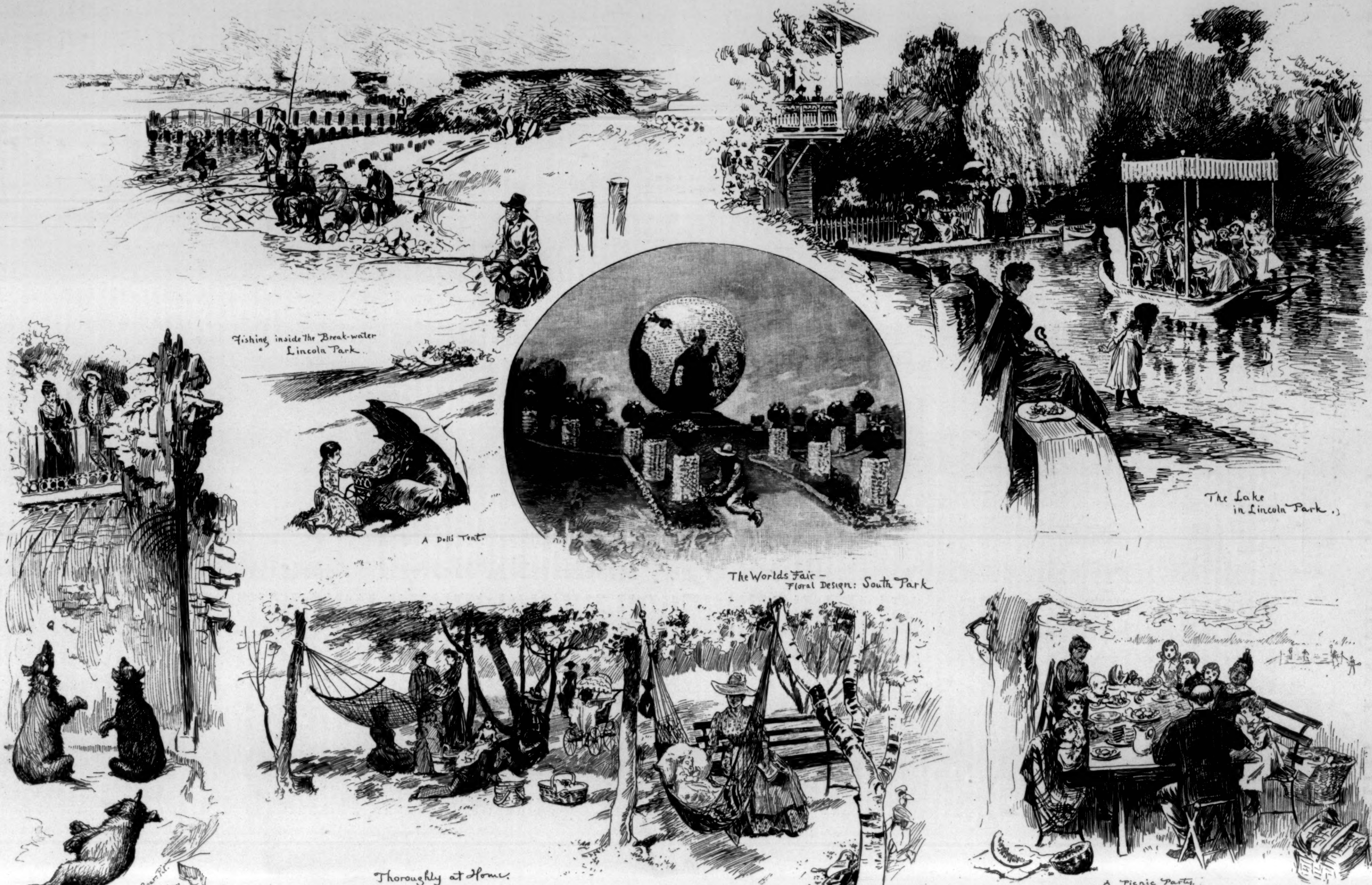
The space back of the breakwater has been graded and paved to a general width of 50 feet with limestone or granite blocks, beginning below the water level, and rising from front to rear in a curve similar to the contour naturally formed by waves upon a sand beach. At the landward edge of the pavement is set a limestone curbing, back of which is a flag walk 12 feet wide, adjoining a 50-foot driveway. Above the Park Haven inlet a pleasure and protection pier extends from the artificial beach far into the lake.

The wall constructed on the south side of the Park Haven inlet, called the promontory wall, rises from four to thirteen feet, its average height being about ten and a half feet, above the back edge of the breakwater. Its base is from four to ten feet wide, with a top width of from three to five feet; and the top of the wall is broken in profile, some of the blocks rising two or three feet above their neighbors. It is built of limestone rubble laid in cement, and is faced with undressed granite irregularly laid, presenting intentionally a rough, irregular surface.

This permanent shore protection comprises 7131 lineal feet of paved beach, averaging 50 feet in width, 2142 lineal feet of high-pile breakwater, and 576 lineal feet of granite-faced wall—in all, 9849 lineal feet. The total cost up to the present time of all these shore improvements, including the sand filling connected therewith, is $419,172 05—an average of $42 57 per lineal foot.

The great interest manifested in the display of flowers by the people who throng to the South Parks during the summer months has led to making floral decoration a marked feature in the adornment of these grounds. This aspect of the pleasure-grounds is shown most fully at the Drexel entrance to Washington Park, which on pleasant days is crowded with people admiring the flowers. So popular has been the display of ornate floral and foliage patterns that in the easterly part of Washington Park the triangular piece of ground seven acres in extent, surrounded by driveways, has been devoted wholly to flowers in masses and designs. This space, which was practically level, and planted thickly with trees, was reconstructed two years ago to entirely new contours for the purpose of floral decoration. A steep undulating embankment of irregular alignment, averaging about eight feet in height, slopes from a central plat toward the surrounding drives, affording a groundwork for the display of many gorgeous patterns in flowers.

Strolling or driving about this place, the visitor meets a succession of surprises in the



Fishing inside the Break-water Lincoln Park.

The Lake in Lincoln Park.

A Doll's Tent.

The World's Fair—Floral Design: South Park.

Thoroughly at Home.

A Picnic Party.

Preparing the Foundation of a Boulevard

Fairview, On the Lake Front

A Sun Bath

At the Foot of the Lincoln Statue, Lincoln Park

SKETCHES IN THE CHICAGO PARKS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.